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Vol. CLXXXVI No. 2436 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 28 1946

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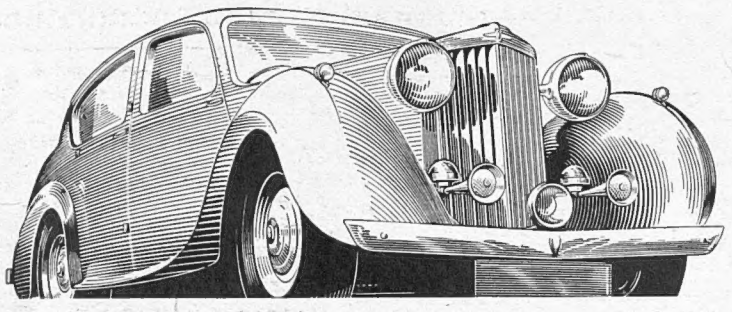

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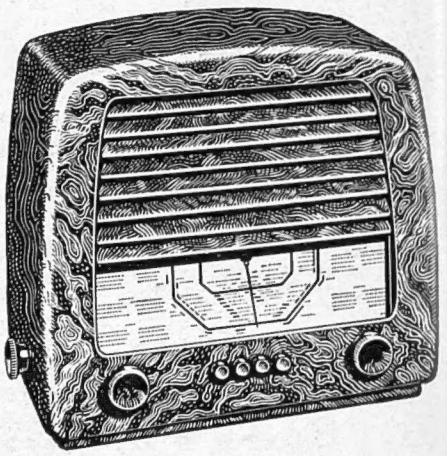

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Volume CLXXXVI No. 2436 The SPHERE, London, September 28, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF LINCOLN'S NEW BISHOP—WITH THREE BLOWS OF HIS PASTORAL STAFF ON THE GREAT WEST DOOR HE SEEKS PERMISSION FROM THE DEAN AND CHAPTER TO ENTER THE CATHEDRAL : A dramatic moment preceding last week's installation of the Right Rev. Leslie Owen

With all the ancient ceremonial, the Right Rev. Leslie Owen, formerly Bishop Suffragan of Maidstone, was enthroned last week as Bishop of Lincoln, at Lincoln Cathedral, becoming the ninety-third holder of the office. With three blows of his pastoral staff on the great West Door the new Bishop sought permission from the Dean and Chapter to enter the Cathedral, and, when the doors swung open, the Archdeacon of Canterbury (the Ven. A. Sargent) delivered the mandate of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Dean of Lincoln. The procession then moved up the nave to the choir, where the Bishop made his declaration at the altar, and he was then conducted to the Episcopal throne and duly installed

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Business of Government.—The first business of any Government is to govern ; that is, to uphold the rule of its country's laws and to pass or enforce such legislation as is necessary to ensure the maximum of order and reform which the conditions of the day require. Mr. Attlee's Government came to power at a time when most of the country's institutions were in chaos and when a vast number of urgent decisions and reforms were called for. The very foundations of our national house required to be cleared and strengthened as a first priority before the permanent building of a new order could be wisely undertaken. Such was Attlee's mandate. His Government began at the other end, hastily erecting their dream palaces on insecure, uncleared foundations. The results of this lamentable policy are every day more and more apparent. The country is in a shocking mess. The comment " Nothing works " is becoming a national slogan expressing disillusion. A swollen bureaucracy sprawls over the nation, department contradicting department and obstructing department ; while idealist or sentimental Ministers, openly favouring one class in preference to another, have encouraged subversive movements to set the laws of the land at defiance. The machine of Government stutters and stops and jerks on again after patchwork repairs and tardy adjustments, and nothing works because the paid servants of the State—the Ministers—are too deeply obsessed with their ideals to direct the practical work of their departments. The miseries of the housewife, the sorry story of the coal-mines, the dismal history of the decision to ration bread, the plight of the farmers, the obstructions put in the way of industrial initiative, the utter failure of the drive to build houses—all these things should have sufficed to show the red light to Mr. Attlee.

Stark Anarchy.—But no glimmer of the danger was revealed to him until stark anarchy raised its head in the most sinister form. Mr. Attlee's Government has at last taken serious note of this country's chaotic state, in the sudden realisation of the exact implications of a carefully prepared Communist plot to overthrow the rule of law. So far, indeed, have the elements of lawlessness been encouraged to dare by the favour of sentimentalist Ministers and by class favouritism, that the Communist Party—utterly negligible in Britain a few years back—is now strong and confident enough to imitate the Stern gang and to swear reprisals if the Government now tardily ventures to re-establish the rule of law. We have enjoyed for a year and more the spectacle of a British Government which has cast away with both hands our national prestige in Europe—won by infinite courage and suffering in five fearful years—which has disintegrated our Empire, surrendered to all threats, weakly compromised where a strong policy backed with courage could have achieved stable results. We find ourselves now among the nations a hesitant, second-class Power, not even named among the protagonists ; and at home not in the " first dozen " of the nations, least ravaged by war, in rehabilitation and restoration. We are nearer to anarchy and in worse domestic disorder, as, indeed, in moral degradation, than at any time in the history of our own day ; more, we are in far worse case than are many " backward " nations, worse hit by the war, nations which a year ago we proposed to guide, direct and help to regain their legs. So much for a year of Mr. Attlee's Government of sentimentalists, idealists, cranks and busybodies. Only Mr. Bevin and perhaps Mr. Chuter Ede come out of the sorry experiment with some degree of credit.

Value for Money.—If you find your money does not to-day buy much in goods or services, if a pound in your opinion does not buy 10s. worth of 1914 values, you have only to consult (and be convinced by ?) the wizards of *Official Statistics*, who assure you, and perhaps the Government, that the pound is devaluated only by a little over 10s. since 1914 Goods and *services* ! You pay pretty high for the use of a telephone and you enjoy *the very worst service in any civilised country to-day*. Telephone service has become a farce, a bad joke. For your tobacco you pay 300 per cent. more than in 1914 and get shoddy by comparison. Ditto for your beer. Your food is kept regulated by controlled prices. *You* pay for that control, and what you get in meat, flour, and so forth is by 1914 standards cat's-meat and pig-swill. Your rail fares and freight and all transport costs continually rise, and as the costs rise, so do the amenities grow worse and the risks of loss increase. And again, you will pay twice over, soon enough, for such increases, in taxation as well as across the booking counter. For every form of fuel from oils and coals down to wood we pay for shoddy which we would have scorned at a third of the price in 1914. Rents, house purchase, essential repairs, costs of what in 1914 were ordinary necessities, are all patently soaring on the 300 per cent. level of inflation. But the statistics of the cost of living are still regularly and impudently published and quoted by Ministers ; but, I presume, believed by nobody in Britain. It is a curious method of bolstering up confidence in our financial state, and in the Government. It is a confidence trick which fails.

"Over to Paris."—The sands are running out in Paris, a handful of days remain for completing the work on the treaties. The nightly entertainment item, " Over to Paris," is announced with cynicism and received with gloom. We are carried back to the sorry setting of a school debating society in a nasty-minded reformatory school. The schoolboy *tu quoque*, the cheap jibe, the puerile exaggeration, the futile irrelevance, these instances of the muddled mind, the Babel of misunderstanding and ignorance, the wars of faction and of personality, are all the meat we are served out. We draw and express the disillusioned inference that peace can be more bestial than war, and that hate is less bitter and ineradicable when nations are at death-grips than at the conference table of peace. And always we are conscious that, in the time at our disposal, there is nothing on earth *we* can do to alter things. There never can be time. Always we feel that hideous sense of being, as ever, sheep driven to the slaughter. Always we remember that the wars of 1914 and 1939 were the wars of a small clique, of a handful of individuals, forced on civilisation against the declared will of millions—and still, as of old, the cliques are in control, with their narrow aims, their insane nationalistic ambitions, their reckless bluffs and gamblings on the crater-edge of fate, with the souls and lives of all humanity for stakes. To " save the face," to " gain a point," countless millions must be kept in the bondage of fear, in primitive misery, in everlasting jeopardy, to serve the pride and vanity of a handful of pinchbeck dictators The Paris Conference Hall needs a sign from Heaven, more jolting and terrible than any in fact or fiction.

Two Voices.—A tardy note on Mr. Wallace's notorious gaffe, which devastated some of the " Chancelleries " and delighted others : In American politics there are always " two voices," one pitched to catch the fancy of domestic parties, one to be heard across the world. And of those two voices one is never long silent in America, is nearly always strident. The " domestic party voice " out-shouts the other ; in America a Presidential election fight begins on the day a new President is elected. " Isolationism " to many American politicians is but a political theory which, in practice, may leave them free to indulge in the great sport of domestic party strife. The " backyard " bulks larger than Europe or civilisation to many a highly educated and well-informed American politician, and even statesman. Foreigners who do not appreciate this remarkable fact will constantly be wounded and often be turned upside-down by the *obiter dicta* of American politicians and publicists, even of statesmen holding office. Our American public-relations broadcasters tell us not to worry. " It doesn't mean a thing "—" there 's an election-scrap on." But somehow the " pond " is ruffled, and we cannot help feeling the breeze, which interferes with smooth navigation.

MRS. BYRNES VIEWS THE PARIS COLLECTIONS : The wife of America's Secretary of State (right) at Schiaparelli's dress show, where she saw the latest styles for the new season. Meanwhile, Mr. Byrnes has been hard at work at the slow-motion task of peace-making

Russian Propaganda.—For a very long time now the Soviet propaganda machine has virulently attacked Great Britain. America the same machine has alternately wooed, actively or passively, or attacked with equal virulence. The Russians are no fools, though their manner of thought is too little understood by the Western Powers and their inhibitions too little taken into account in international relations. It is fair to say that Russia is a generation or more behind the Democracies in international political development. Yet propaganda is propaganda all the world over, and to succeed it must follow the accepted principles of any simple scheme of commercial advertising. It is mere waste of money to recommend first one liver pill, and then dropping or decrying *that* household remedy, to puff another. Advertising and propaganda to succeed must mirror at least a scintilla of truth and must be continuous and in some sort consistent. Attacks on Britain have satisfied the requirement of continuity, but not of probability or consistency. Those on America have satisfied not one of the essentials to success. The Russian aim has been to drive a wedge between Britain and America. It has done something at least to repair those rifts created by the Democracies themselves. The campaign against Britain has no doubt acerbated feeling against Britain in backward races in the Balkans and in the East, but it can hardly have thrown dust in the eyes of responsible statesmen and citizens of reasonably educated races. It is remarkable how doubtful are the benefits which may have accrued to Russia, her aims and aspirations, from this clumsy and yet deliberate campaign.

A Nation of Shoplifters.—The Duce's first claim to greatness was that he turned the Italians from a race of petty pilferers into a nation no more dishonest than the average. The average was high in England all my lifetime ; indeed, until the last few years Perhaps two world wars within a generation of time are more than average honesty can stand. It is quite certain that to-day the British race is very much addicted to pilfering, sharp practice, and mean actions. When consignees receive only two out of every half-dozen food parcels from Australasia, they may fairly suspect that all is not well in the G.P.O. Not that the G.P.O. cares. Its P.R.O. does not even bother to rebut such charges as are levelled at it. And when, among the visitors in a small hotel, one has been robbed of his car, four of their luggage, and one of her " wallet " of banknotes, within a week, one is entitled to suppose that there are many thieves at work. And when from a caravan camp you get evidence that a gang of thieves is at work every night, snooping what it can find unprotected from tents, cars and caravans, one may be pardoned for presuming that one Briton in every two is actively dishonest. No doubt wars unseat morality, but silly pigeons invite plucking from hawks ; and I don't doubt that a great inducement to crime is the idiocy of victims. Scores of half-witted women still leave jewels and purses in their cars while they dine and wine in hotels, and many are half-witted enough to suppose that locking a car is a safeguard against car-thieves. All the same, it is a humiliating state of things which has fallen upon England.

THE OLD STAGER

THE INSTALLATION AND ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN—THE SCENE IN THE FAMOUS ANGEL CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL AS THE RT. REV. LESLIE OWEN WAS MADE NINETY-THIRD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE: The new Bishop is seen in the centre of the picture on the right, and below the altar steps are massed the clergy of the diocese. The new Bishop was conducted to the episcopal throne by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, who delivered the mandate, and by the Dean of Lincoln. Previously the Bishop had knocked with his pastoral staff on the great West Door to seek entry from the Dean

MR. CHURCHILL IN SWITZERLAND—HIS RECEPTION BY THE COUNCILLORS IN THE CITY HALL AT BERNE PRIOR TO A DRAMATIC SPEECH WARNING EUROPE AGAINST TYRANNY: Mr. Churchill spoke from the balcony of the City Hall, addressing a great concourse in the square. "I have not been the enemy of any nation; I have not been the enemy of Germany," he declared. "But I have always been the enemy of tyranny. To-day the danger is not yet past." Later in the week Mr. Churchill travelled to Zurich, where he made a speech affirming his belief in the need for a United States of Europe

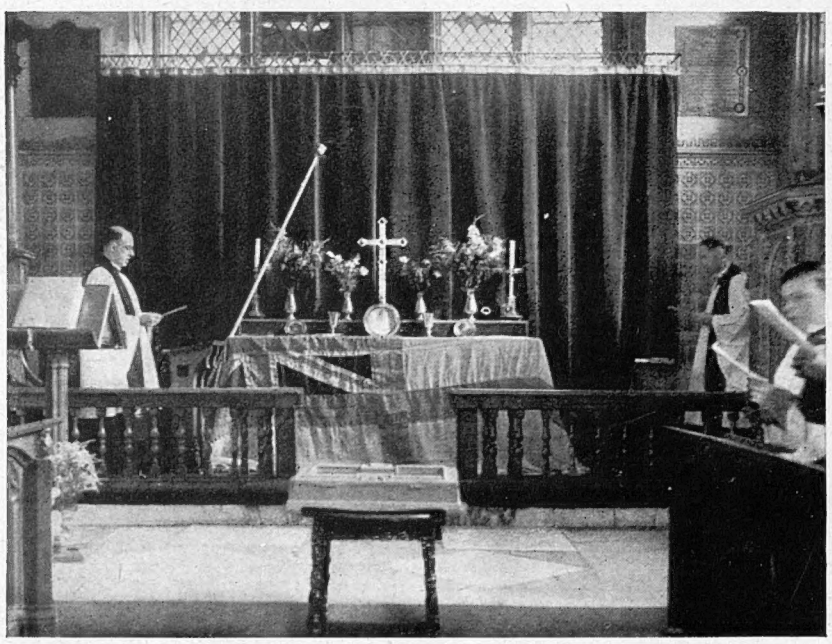
A TOUR OF THE NORMAN BATTLEFIELDS—WHERE THE CANADIANS FOUGHT THEIR MOST HEROIC ACTION: Members of the Franco-British Society standing before the Dieppe memorial erected to Canadians who fell in the "test invasion" of Europe. The party was led by the Earl of Bessborough, Chairman of the Franco-British Society, and among the places also visited were Caen and Falaise. Girls from Cheltenham College, Westonbirt, Wimbledon and Roedean, and boys from Eton, Harrow and Winchester, were among those who made the tour

BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY AT BIGGIN HILL : The Rev. Cecil King, Padre of No. 11 Group, Fighter Command, standing before panels commemorating Battle of Britain pilots, at the Service of Thanksgiving and Remembrance in the Chapel of St. George. The congregation was composed of next-of-kin, quite a number of whom had come for the occasion from France and Belgium

BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY

LAYING UP THE WHITE ENSIGN OF H.M.S. "LONDON"

Battle of Britain Sunday fell this year on the actual anniversary of that September 15 on which the fighter pilots of the R.A.F. took their greatest toll of the Luftwaffe, and in cathedrals, churches and chapels throughout the country thanksgiving services were held to mark the occasion. At Biggin Hill, the station from which so many pilots went out to meet the German Air Force, there was a particularly impressive service in the asbestos-framed St. George's Chapel, many of the next-of-kin of fallen pilots taking part; while at Westminster Abbey the observance was on a larger scale, starting with an opening fanfare, a dramatic composition for brass and organ. There was also a ceremony at the Royal Air Force Memorial on the Thames Embankment, an inscription being added so that it now commemorates those who died in the First and Second World Wars. The unveiling of the inscription was carried out by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard



A LAYING-UP CEREMONY AT THE TOWER — THE WHITE ENSIGN FROM THE CRUISER H.M.S. "LONDON" IS PRESENTED TO THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA : *Left*—The dedication service in progress with the Ensign draped on the altar; and (*right*) the Ensign being handed over by the naval colour-party. The presentation was made on behalf of the officers and ratings of H.M.S. "London" in memory of the years of war and to mark the affiliation between the Yeomen Warders and the ship's company. In his address during the service the naval chaplain, the Rev. G. E. Reindorp, recalled that H.M.S. "London" had carried Mr. Churchill's momentous mission to Teheran, and it was her Ensign that received the Japanese surrender at Sebang. Now that the Ensign was laid up for safe keeping in the Chapel Royal, he declared, it would be in company with the colours of the Buffs and the Royal Fusiliers

COMMEMORATING MEN OF ARNHEM

ROMAN CATHOLICS ON A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE

ARNHEM DAY IN THE CEMETERY AT OOSTERBEEK: Prayers are said over the graves of the men of the 1st Airborne Division who lost their lives in the battle of the Lower Rhine in the autumn of 1944. Many Dutch residents of the district were present at the Roman Catholic and Protestant services, while a great contingent of ex-Servicemen and parents of the fallen came from England

The second anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem, that never-to-be-forgotten attempt to turn the German flank by the men of the 1st Airborne Division, was celebrated last week by the people of Holland and by the pilgrims who went out to Arnhem from England. Two services took place in the cemetery of Oosterbeek, where there are 1,400 graves of British soldiers from the many different units of the Airborne Division. Each grave is marked with a plain white cross bearing the name of the man buried, but in many instances there is one word only, "Unknown." The people of Oosterbeek have tended the graves with great care, weeding them regularly, and many of them are banked high with flowers. Queen Wilhelmina was present at two ceremonies in connection with the Arnhem commemoration: the unveiling of the memorial at Hartenstein, near the old headquarters of the Division, and the unveiling of the monument at the Rhine bridge in Arnhem itself

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS — ROMAN CATHOLICS FROM THE SOUTHWARK PROVINCE PASSING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE DANE JOHN GARDENS, CANTERBURY, FOLLOWING THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE CITY: The pilgrimage, in which about 2,000 people took part, was organised by the Knights of St. Columba. On reaching Canterbury by train, the pilgrims were joined by organisations from the southern counties, and after the procession was formed at "40 Acres," the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the Dane John Gardens, where Father Francis, the Franciscan, preached a sermon on St. Thomas of Canterbury. During the day the Knights of St. Columba placed a wreath in St. Dunstan's Church on the memorial to St. Thomas More, whose head was preserved in the church by the faithful Margaret Roper. The Archbishop of Southwark was the leader of the pilgrimage. He is seen beneath the canopy in the right-hand picture

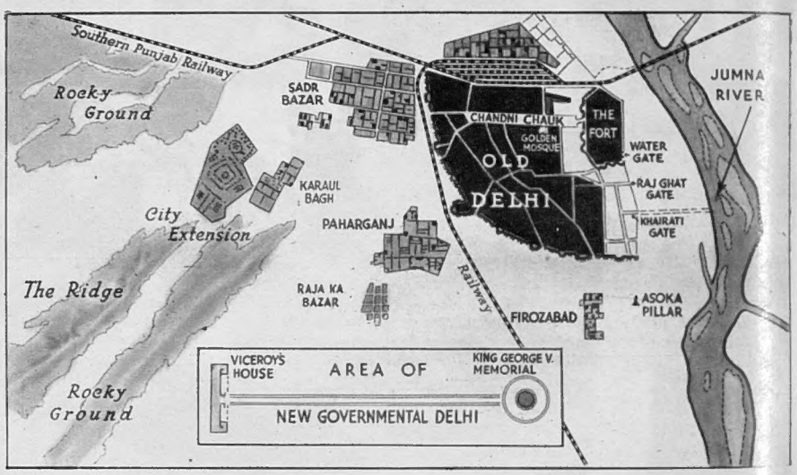
b

NEW DELHI—THE SEAT OF INDIA'S GOVERNMENT AND THE SCENE OF MOMENTOUS POLITICAL CHANGE: A diagrammatic sketch showing the Viceroy's House, the great circular Assembly Hall, and the Secretariat buildings which were completed in the '20's, in accordance with Delhi's new role as the winter capital of the Government of India. Since the end of August that Government has passed entirely into the hands of the Indian people, thus bringing to an end a momentous era in the history of the sub-continent. Already Pandit Nehru and his colleagues have taken over in the Secretariat buildings, and although British sovereignty in India does not cease immediately, its passing is only a matter of time. In the background of this drawing is Old Delhi, and on the left is the celebrated ridge from which the British troops re-took the city in the days of the Mutiny—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE END OF AN ERA IN INDIA

Pandit Nehru and His Cabinet Take Office at New Delhi

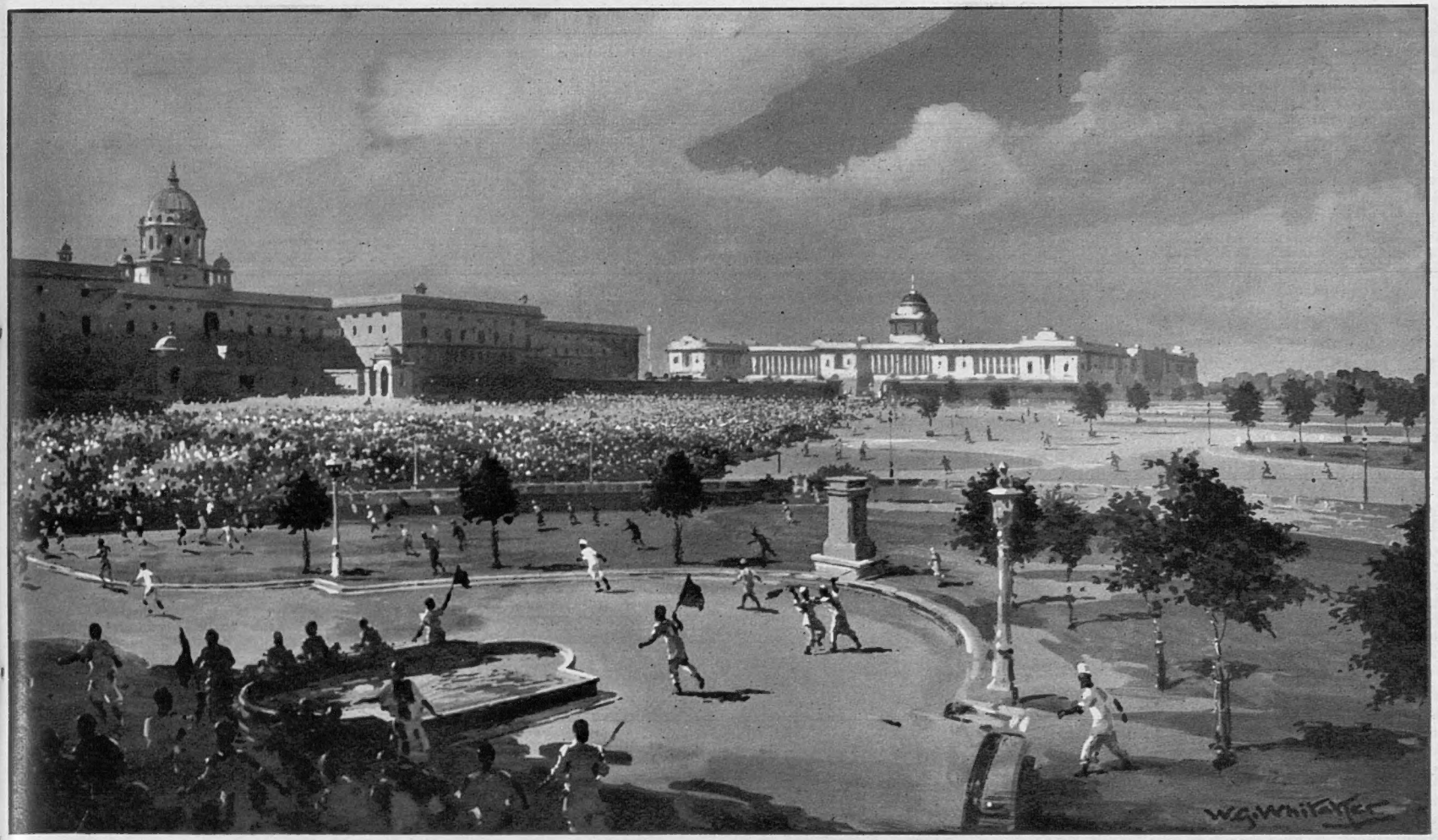
When Lord Wavell, who may be India's last Viceroy, received at Viceregal Lodge, Delhi, Pandit Jaharwal Nehru and the members of his Interim Government, a major revolution in the political development of India was brought about, for the country passed for the first time into the hands of a wholly Indian Ministry. This was the climax to the policy foreshadowed in the early years of this century by the introduction of the Minto-Morley reforms, and it brings to an end the era of British rule during which the country has been led gradually along the path to complete self-government. Only seven members were present at the inaugural meeting of the Cabinet when Lord Wavell swore them into office, and when they left the building they were acclaimed by a crowd of Congress supporters some thousands strong. Members of the Muslim League attempted to stir up a riot, but firm handling by the police saved the situation. Some days later Mr. Jinnah, leader of the Muslim League, called upon the Viceroy, and it was hoped that he might be induced eventually to accept upon behalf of his party the generous share of office and responsibility awaiting the powerful Muslim minority.



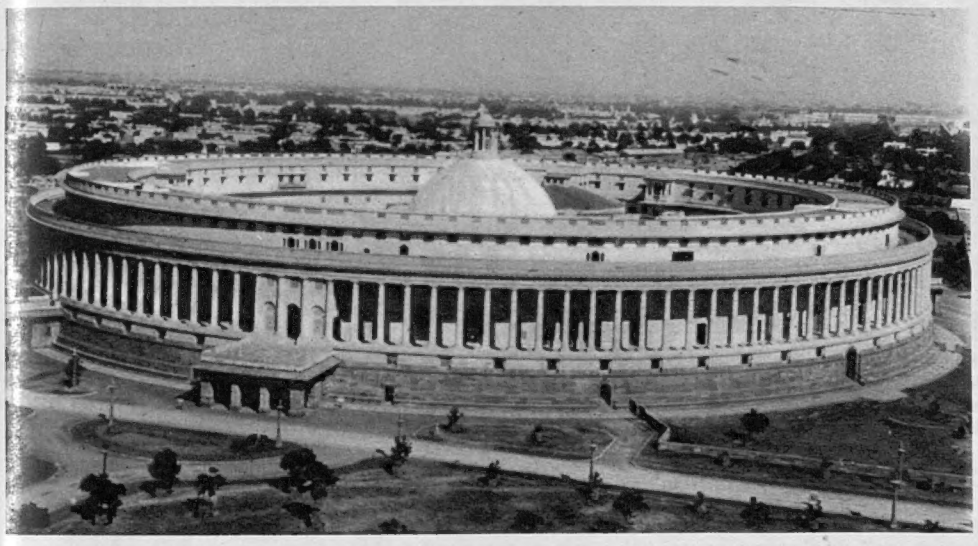
OLD AND NEW DELHI: A map showing the position of the old city on the Jumna, with a history going back 1,000 years, and the new city which came into being in the '20's following the announcement by King George V at the Durbar in 1911 that Delhi would succeed Calcutta as the seat of Government. In the Sweepers' Colony in Old Delhi lives Mr. Gandhi, and members of the new Government went to his house to receive his blessing after they had been sworn in as Ministers

THE VACANT THRONES IN THE GREAT DURBAR ROOM AT NEW DELHI: Above the thrones are the Royal Arms, symbols of the sovereignty which Britain has exercised in India for so long, and of the Imperial power which was first vested in Queen Victoria when (at Disraeli's instigation) she was proclaimed Empress in 1877. The present King and Queen made no Durbar visit to India following their Coronation

LORD WAVELL, THE VICEROY WHO HAS PILOTED INDIA IN THE DAYS OF TRANSITION: The Field-Marshal standing at his reading desk, where he does much of his work in his study at Viceregal Lodge, New Delhi. His has been an unenviable task, but Hindu and Muslim alike owe much to his calm and balanced judgment

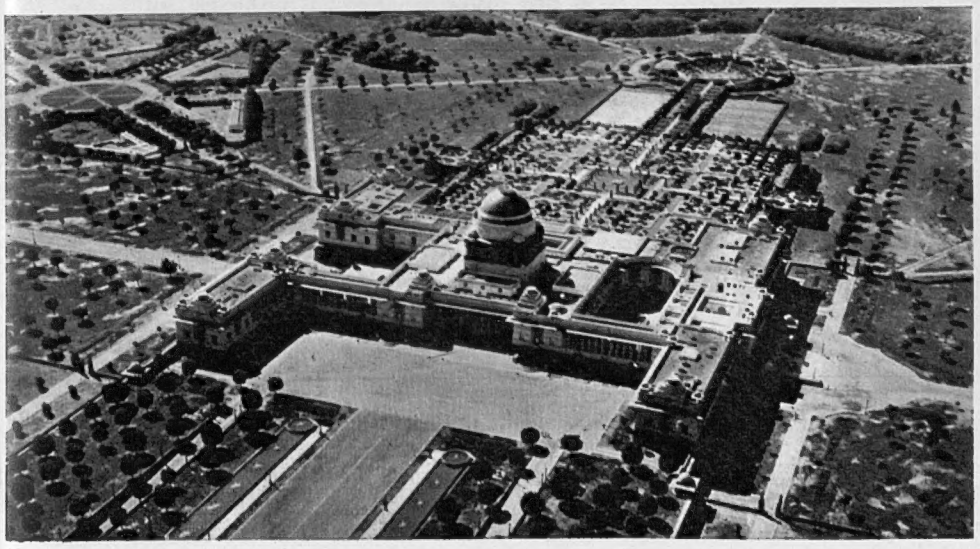


CROWDS MASS BEFORE THE VICEROY'S HOUSE AS THE INTERIM GOVERNMENT TAKES OFFICE: An artist's impression of the scene in the courtyard, where the members of the Congress Party gathered in strength to acclaim Pandit Nehru and his colleagues in the hour of taking office. At one time feeling began to run high when supporters of the Muslim League, carrying black flags as a protest against Congress assumption of office, rushed on the scene shouting "Death to Congress!", "Long Live Pakistan!" Congressmen immediately tackled the Muslims, and but for tactful handling of the crowds by the police (and the threat of tear gas) there might have been serious trouble—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

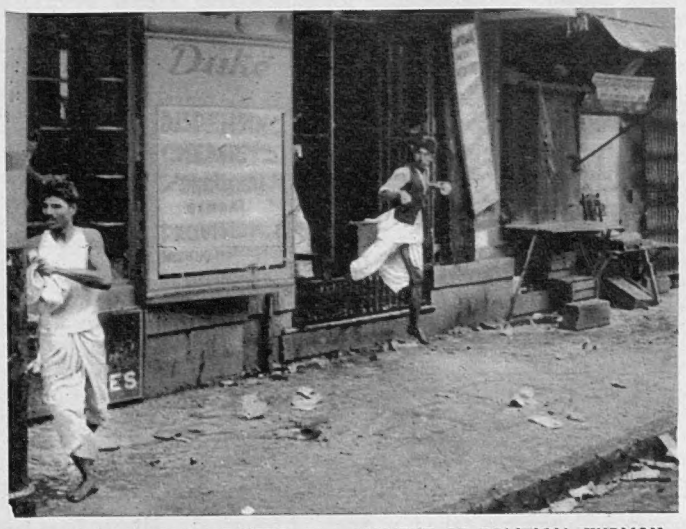


THE CIRCULAR COUNCIL CHAMBER, ARCHITECTURAL GLORY OF NEW DELHI: The building which has housed the Council of State and the Assembly since its completion twenty years ago

Below—**VICEREGAL LODGE FROM THE AIR:** This picture shows the magnificent lay-out of the gardens surrounding the Viceroy's residence. Most of the trees are as yet half grown



HOW THE MUSLIMS EXPRESSED THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE NEW GOVERNMENT: Black flags are strung across a street in a Muslim quarter of Bombay on the occasion of the Congress Party assuming office. The Muslims labelled it as "Black Day" and they rallied strongly behind their leader, Mr. Jinnah



HOW SOME HINDUS REACTED IN A MOMENT OF POLITICAL TURMOIL: No politicians these; just plain looters making their getaway from a chemist's shop during the height of the riots in Bombay. They had taken advantage of the general strife, and the consequent preoccupation of the police, to pillage in the wake of the milling mob. A few of these looters were arrested, but thousands of others went about their business unchecked. The men seen in this picture had evidently been disturbed in their work by the siren of an approaching patrol, and they fled with what ill-gotten gains they could lay hands on

U.N.O.—ORPHAN of the WORLD STORM

Will Geneva or New York Provide a Permanent Home for the Keepers of the Peace?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BECAUSE the Russians have suggested that, after all, Geneva is the best place for the United Nations, is no reason why this second and wiser choice should not be made.

One quite understands Messrs. Byrnes and Bevin saying, "We're tired of being pushed about by these Russians. Must we follow each of their fresh fancies? It was they who placed U.N.O. in America, and there it shall stay!" There is ample justification for such attitude without Bevin advancing the difficulty of taking root in a country that isn't a member of the United Nations: the fact that Switzerland is not could equally well be advanced as a reason for going there.

It *is* about time other people's fancies prevailed, besides the Russians' conception. But shouldn't all our fancies converge upon Geneva after the miserable New York experience and the manifest bunkers that stick out ahead if we persist with this unhappy choice?

When the Assembly does eventually meet in an ex-World Fair building at Flushing suburb, after two postponements which have made inroads on Mr. Lie's conception of his charge as "a first-class organisation," a requisite majority of the fifty and more nations convened can decline the permanent site that will be offered them by Sir Angus Fletcher's Inspection Committee, and declare their intention to vote on the whole matter again; which would be tantamount to "back to Geneva."

This could well come about if Britain and her Dominion influence switched over, in addition to the Slav Bloc, and there is no reason why we should persist in Mr. Noel-Baker's weak tying of ourselves to the Americans in this matter, in view of how the Americans have welcomed U.N.O. on their doorstep and of the manifest unsuitability of the New York climate—in both senses—for the sort of work that lies ahead for U.N.O. All we need do is to invite the Americans themselves to look at what has happened.

After eight months of the spectacle "The World in Search of a Home in Which to Talk Sense," the permanent staff is unhappy and ready to disintegrate, the delegates are in a thoroughly bad mood, scattered up and down the world's most jangling, nerve-racking city, everyone is "broke," including U.N.O. itself, and most Americans are supinely unaware of the sorry mess which their wish to appear greater still, coupled with Russian cunning, brought about at Church House last January.

Much of it figures, in discreet language, in Trygve Lie's first report, an orphan story which makes it painfully clear that New York does not want U.N.O. Originally there was much good will, a vast amount of condescension and a vaster amount of indifference towards U.N.O. "Americans generally liked the idea of having the world body in the United States. But nobody wants it on his doorstep." Thus Charles Lambert, *Daily Herald* U.N.O. correspondent.

Since then Americans have got annoyed with the orphan, on account of the postponements which wrecked hotel accommodation during New York's favourite interlude for nation-wide conventions—the early autumn. In this seething city, which chases vainly round after housing and office-space, more than ninety hotels had reserved whole floors for U.N.O. through September, and then, again, through October. People from all over the Union who looked forward to their autumn flit to New York, as to nothing else the year round, were crowded out. Hence the ire.

Will the hotels once more clear their floors for November or December? Maybe they will, for by that time New York's severe winter will have set in—as U.N.O. delegates and others from warm or temperate climates will soon discover, having experienced this in the first summer:

"The entire city seethes and sweats and is clamorous with strident sound as gangs of helmeted men gouge the pavements with chattering pneumatic drills, tear down old buildings, and pose precariously astride new steel girders while firing rivet guns. In the noise and heat the traffic, which has jumped 58 per cent. in volume during the past three months, blocks and chokes the avenues and cross-town streets." Thus Don Iddon, who adds that the nerves of the town are on edge, which goes, too, for most of those in and about the itinerant orphan, except the flashlight fellows, who exasperate everybody, from Gromyko down. Indeed, the Russians retreated to the Whitelaw Reid estate above the Hudson, in order to get a little peace from a New York never madder nor more go-getting.

But others are not so fortunately placed, and the staff of U.N.O., after being evicted by high costing and unpopularity from the Waldorf Astoria, declined through lesser hotels to rooming-houses, where they are to-day lucky to be allowed to squat at a rental that knocks holes in their salaries, high as these sound to us, at double or treble the corresponding rates here. But remember it has been laid down that this staff must be characterised by the highest standard of efficiency, competence and integrity.

As the staff must be chosen on as wide a geographical basis as possible, Mr. Lie was latterly in Europe, recruiting. One would like to know what he got when reports from U.N.O. say that spirits rose when it was announced that Geneva was to be one of the branch bodies of the United Nations. "There were many enquiries for posts there." And to think how the League's Secretariat, or international civil service, 800 strong, used to complain about Geneva, for its dearness, its climate (that *bise*!), its lack of come-hitherness and backwater existence! Now the successors of that disbanded or superannuated company would gladly trade New York for Geneva, and their inability to settle down happily and profitably may yet have emphatic consequences.

The orphan's search for a home has to be viewed in two parts: the quest for temporary accommodation and for a permanent site.

To begin with, the Security Council went to part of a women's college, half-an-hour's train journey from the centre of New York. The Secretariat was somewhere else, 17 miles out. When it came to finding a temporary place for the Assembly, U.N.O. tried for a theatre and a ballroom, but the first was inadequate and the second was booked up for the autumn. So the Assembly is to meet in an ex-skating-rink situated 11 miles out. The site of the 1939 World's Fair.

Seven miles farther out, the Secretariat will be working in premises resembling a large engineering works of the kind found along the Great West Road, only far larger. I cannot distinguish exactly what is labouring at Lake Success. It may be the Secretariat. It may be the Economic and Social Council. In addition, the Atomic Commission has been sitting somewhere else; and the International Health Conference somewhere else still. And to think they might have all been housed neatly, calmly and comfortably on Ariana height above Lac Léman!

And I was forgetting the most important of the lot. The Security Council's next perch will be in the barn-like administration building of the Sperry factory, inside which, a prefabricated tabernacle, a house within a house, has been run up at record speed and at a cost equalling one-third of the whole cost of the permanent Palace of the Nations at Geneva.

So much for the orphan in her present itinerant stage, which will go on for years while a grandiose site is perfected, years when the world will need a calm, fixed *foyer*, as does the neurotic nerve case. It could have been Geneva for the asking.

The only other solution is that U.N.O. will gradually squat and unify on the ex-World Fair site, thus ending the whole humiliating business and also the dream of a sylvan retreat twenty or thirty miles out, in the cool, peaceful and expensive countryside. Sir Angus's Committee has named no fewer than fifteen "possibles," but he doesn't say how many of these selected sites are likely to behave like Greenwich-Stamford earlier in the year, when the inhabitants "did everything short of arming themselves to keep the international invaders out." No doubt Sir Angus will make quite sure beforehand that the final choice which he intends putting before the Assembly will not thereafter behave like Stamford! One named site, equivalent to Maidenhead, has already said "Keep out!" The thing is to proclaim that U.N.O. is flying too high, that it should cut its site to suit its income and go to cheaper land, this organisation that is supported by almost the whole world.

The suggestion that San Francisco may re-enter the running at the last moment would be merely to move farther and farther from reality. New York is quite far enough from the obvious showdown ground in Germany and Central Europe. How much more realistic would it be if U.N.O. were to meet and keep meeting in one guise or another on the edge of the line-up! At calm Geneva, where people keep their manners, unlike the words and gestures of impatience and ill-humour, the brusqueness and agitation that have characterised sessions affected by the exhausting, rush atmosphere in and around Manhattan.

Another flaw that would not obtain anything like as much at Geneva is the tendency for leading men to go away from New York, leaving matters to second strings. We may be in the air age, but Ministers feel they cannot keep too many thousand miles between themselves and their Ministries. Well, Geneva has thirty capitals within 1,000 miles of it. Obviously Switzerland would mean a higher degree of representation.

Moreover, the Americans are much the most air-minded for long distances, and already think nothing of a night Atlantic crossing of ten or eleven hours. Flits over to Geneva would mean no more than business trips within the United States.

In addition to the one about not humouring the Russians any more, there seem to be two main arguments against Geneva—(1) the atmosphere of past failure there; (2) that the Russians would use Geneva as G.H.Q. distributing centre of propaganda.

Mr. Lie lately visited Geneva to see what use he could make of the great League building. Let him press that U.N.O. be at least temporarily transferred there during the years so crucial for us all, while the permanent site is being built outside New York—if that foolhardy project is proceeded with.

ONCE THE SITE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, NOW READY TO BE HANDED OVER TO THE UNITED NATIONS: The administration building and arena at Flushing, New York, where the U.N.O. Assembly will hold its next meeting. The question of U.N.O.'s permanent home still remains unsettled, and Russia has been canvassing the claims of Geneva

NOT JEWISH TERRORISTS

In No. 2401 of THE SPHERE we published a photograph with the caption: "Palestine—the great round-up goes on: Military Police in Jaffa escort suspected Jewish terrorists through the cordoned streets." We have ascertained in the meantime that the persons depicted in this photograph were at no time suspected of being Jewish terrorists, but only detained as part of a general round-up of the male population of a Jewish quarter along Jaffa Road, Jerusalem. They were released immediately upon establishing their identity, the whole procedure not exceeding half an hour.

The gentlemen shown in our picture were Mr. Ulruch Salingre, prominent bookseller and antiquarian of Jerusalem, and his collaborators, Messrs. Friedrich Romann and Michael Ashner. We regret any inconvenience or annoyance which may have been caused to these gentlemen by the incorrect caption.

THE WRECKED HOME OF MAJOR DESMOND DORAN: The house on the Tel Aviv-Jaffa boundary which was blasted by terrorist bombs during a new outbreak of anti-British activity in Palestine in the second week of September. Major Doran, the Area Public Security Officer, was killed by the explosion, and his wife was rescued from the ruins and taken to hospital in a serious condition. Major Doran was apparently shot in the shoulder while attempting to stave off the attackers. He was due to leave for England. The attack was carried out by youths and girls wearing dark glasses and with hats pulled well over their heads

More Palestine Outrages

THE MURDER OF MAJOR DORAN AT TEL AVIV

On the eve of the Palestine Conference in London there was a fresh outbreak of terrorism in Palestine, and the murder of Major Desmond Doran, the Area Security Officer, when his house in Tel Aviv was wrecked by bombs, was one of several outrages which led to the 6th Airborne Division moving in on Tel Aviv in strength. A murder of equal seriousness occurred at the same time at Haifa when a British sergeant was shot by Jews near the Windsor Hotel and died soon after being taken to hospital. The Jews fired seven shots, five of which hit the sergeant in the back, and then escaped by car. The murdered man was in the C.I.D. and took part in a recent interrogation of suspects, during which he recognised and arrested the second in command of the Stern Gang

MILITARY POLICE CHECK UP ON THE PEOPLE OF TEL AVIV: Interrogation in progress in the city after the attack on Major Doran's house and other outbreaks of terrorist activity. These events took place on the eve of the Palestine Conference in London, and only served to exacerbate the whole situation. Several thousand troops of the 6th Airborne Division were moved into Tel Aviv to deal with these outrages, and a curfew was imposed in the city

AFTERMATH OF TRAGEDY: An overhead view of the wrecked home of Major Desmond Doran, the Area Security Officer, who was killed by terrorist bombs. The attack on this house coincided with a general renewal of terrorist activity in the Tel Aviv area

ROUND-UP AT RAMAT GAN: The Mayor of the town looking on while British troops were searching for suspects. Ramat Gan, celebrated for its chocolate and citrus products, came under suspicion when a two-masted schooner was observed signalling from a point off the coast and the firing of these flares indicated that she might be an illegal immigrant ship just outside the territorial limit. While the Navy prepared to investigate the ship, troops moved in to Ramat Gan, but they found nothing beyond a few sacks full of illegal literature

IN EUROPE NOW

A BRITISH WIFE GOES SHOPPING IN BERLIN : Mrs. Gwenneth Huthwaite, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Huthwaite, the Assistant Adjutant-General in the British Sector, waiting for a tramcar. She has been in the city about a month and is thoroughly enjoying her life in the Army of Occupation

THE HUTHWAITES ENTERTAIN : General Nares (left), G.O.C. in Berlin, seen with Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Huthwaite at their flat in Berlin. The occasion was a cocktail party to celebrate Mrs. Huthwaite's arrival from England. Her flat is in the Platanenallee, near the Alexander Platz, and she has a German cook-general to help with the work. Mrs. Huthwaite does her shopping at the British Families N.A.A.F.I. in the Winston Club, where there is a wonderful variety of goods at prices well below those obtaining in England. The weekly rations are delivered in an Army lorry, and there is no queueing to be done. The Huthwaites pay a rental of £95 a year for their flat and another £40 for the hire of furniture, whereas the wife of a senior N.C.O. is required to pay 14s. rent, and she is allowed to draw rations costing 13s. per week

PETROL FOR THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN AUSTRIA : Men of the Royal Engineers testing a tanker with the dipstick on arrival at Vienna. All fuel for W.D. vehicles has to be brought from Italian ports, and as 9,000 gallons are needed every day the main storage dump in Vienna is kept busily at work. Twelve Royal Engineers are engaged in distribution at the central dump, and they have the assistance of fifty Austrians. The tankers are checked with some care to make sure there have been no thefts of fuel *en route*, petrol being in immense demand in Austria at the present time

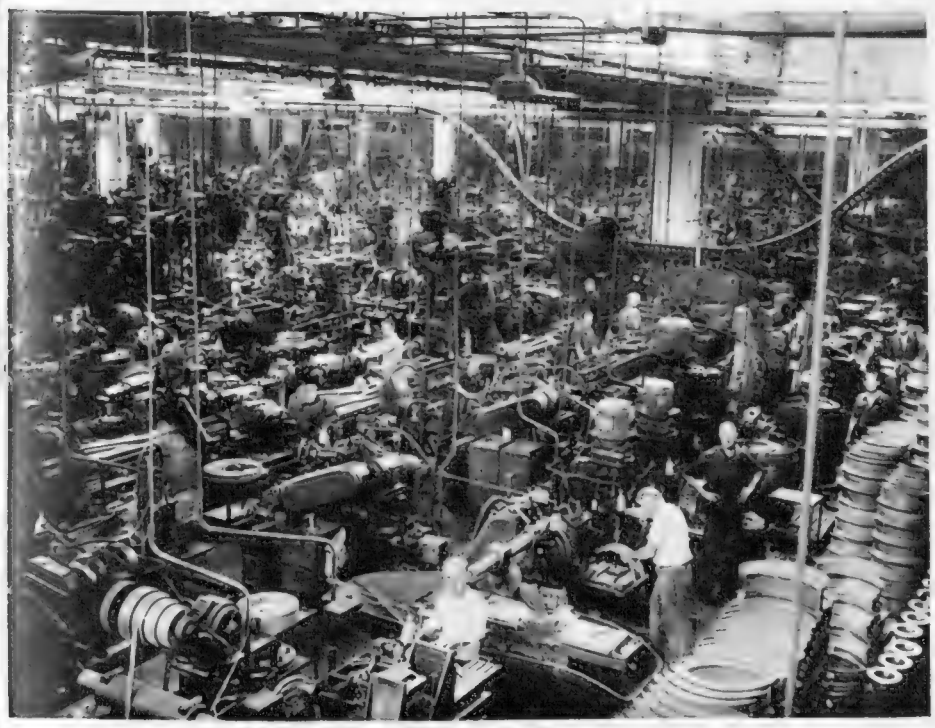
ONE OF MANY SCARS UPON THE FACE OF VIENNA : A heap of rubble caused by the blasting by Royal Engineers of war-damaged buildings which were deemed unsafe. During the past six months the R.E.s have carried through a whole series of demolitions, thus preparing the way for the eventual rebuilding of the city. Among the many places in Vienna damaged during the Russian advance was the Hotel Metropole, the headquarters of the Gestapo in Vienna. It was there that Chancellor Schuschnigg was held prisoner for a time following the Nazi occupation of Austria

IN POST-WAR HUNGARY—RECONSTRUCTING THE LIBERTY BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE : Floating cranes about to swing into position the central span of the damaged structure. On the hill in the background is the monument which the Red Army is erecting to the memory of the thousands of men who died in the liberation of Hungary in the closing stages of the war. Soviet troops are now playing a part in Hungarian reconstruction, and particular attention is being paid to the restoration of the Danube bridges

THE MEISSEN POTTERY WORKS OPERATES ON BEHALF OF THE RUSSIANS : The main entrance to the celebrated factory near Dresden, which is now working full time. All the delicate tableware made at Meissen is shipped off to Russia, and it appears to be the Russian policy to exact reparations in this manner, over 200 factories in Saxony (including the Zeiss plant) now being actively engaged in work for the Russian market. Adorning the entrance to the building are posters relating to the S.E.D. (the Russian-sponsored Socialist Unity Party), and it is stated that every worker at Meissen is a member of the S.E.D.

CLEARING THE PORT OF GENOA—A VAST TASK THAT IS THE ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARY TO THE REORGANISATION OF ITALY'S INDUSTRIAL NORTH: The Italian cargo-ship "Monreate" being raised to the surface in Genoa harbour, where she has obstructed traffic for two years past. The "Monreate" was sunk in July 1944 by the Germans, in order to close a gap in the Genoa port breakwater which they themselves had made while testing new types of mine. The vessel was built originally for the Gulf of Mexico cotton trade, and she may yet operate on that service again. Reconstruction and clearance at Genoa is going ahead rapidly, and the port is now coping with over 280,000 tons of cargo monthly, which is very nearly up to pre-war capacity

MUCH STILL REMAINS TO BE DONE AT GENOA: *Left*—A Nazi ship lying in the harbour, where she was sunk by the retreating Germans in face of the British advance, and (*right*) another freighter, also scheduled for salvaging in order to clear the waterway for shipping. Only by clearing Genoa can the industrial cities of Turin and Milan be sure of receiving their regular supplies of raw material, and particularly of coal, of which Italy produces none



THE FIAT WORKS IS GETTING INTO ITS STRIDE AGAIN: Men engaged in operations on the battery of lathes, drilling-machines, etc., which feed the assembly lines of the truck factory at Mirafiori. Fiat's are now working 80 per cent. of capacity, but much depends on the maintenance of coal supplies during the coming months

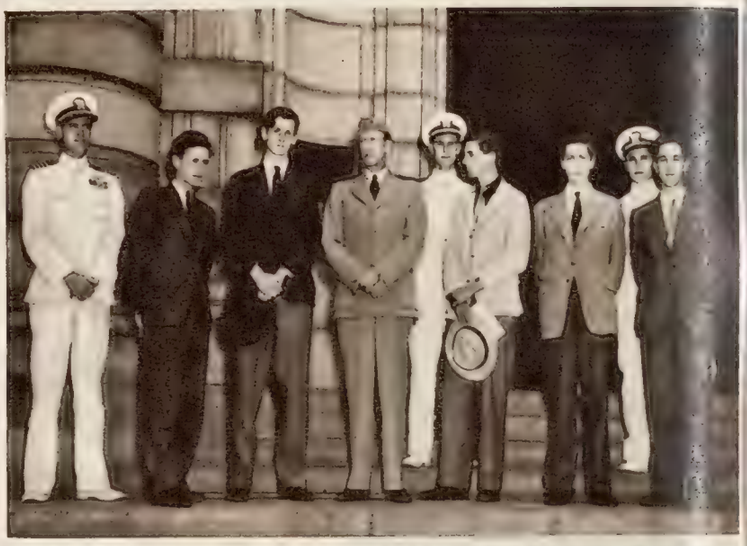
THE ROOF AND TESTING TRACK OF THE FIAT LIGHT CAR PLANT AT TURIN: **The Fabrique Italia Automobile Turin—to give it its full name—employs some 80,000 workers in its fifteen different factories, and it is now geared up to 80 per cent. of full production, despite the difficulties of feeding coal, gas and oil to its numerous forges.** Full production cannot be achieved until war damage repairs are completed, but at the Lingotto plant, Turin, light cars are rolling off the assembly line, while at Fiat's Mirafiori truck works, omnibuses, as well as other commercial vehicles, are in production. In other sections of the Fiat works aero and marine engines and tractors are also being produced in bulk. Italian industry's greatest need is coal, and it is understood that some imports of this are at present being obtained from the coalfields of the United States

THE MAN WITH A FOREIGN POLICY: Mr. Henry Wallace, former Vice-President of the United States and Secretary of Commerce in the Truman Cabinet, making his world-shaking speech at Madison Square Garden when he denounced "British Imperialism" and called for closer understanding with Russia. The speech at once created a sensation, as President Truman declared that he had no objection to it, and this despite the fact that it constituted a reversal of the foreign policy so vigorously pursued by Mr. Byrnes, the Secretary of State. Mr. Wallace showed himself unrepentant when taken to task by the Press, and affirmed that he stuck by his opinions. Later he agreed to suspend speech-making

TO GOVERN THE DESTINIES OF POST-WAR BURMA: Sir Herbert Rance seen during the ceremony at Rangoon at which he took the oath of office as Governor

POLISHING UP HER ENGLISH: Fraulein Else Harms, the first German girl to be given a permit to come to England to marry, chatting with Sergeant John Plummer, of the R.A.S.C., as she hands him his N.A.A.F.I. rations. Else supervises the other members of the German staff at the Berlin canteen, and she has been taking great pains to improve her conversational English. Her fiance, Mr. Harry Sterling, was formerly in the R.A.S.C., and he now lives in South Lambeth

FOREIGN NEWS SHOWN IN PICTURES



ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS VISIT ANNAPOLIS: Rear-Admiral Stuart Ingersoll (centre), Commandant of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy, seen with five boys from Stowe School, Buckinghamshire, when they were recently shown round Annapolis. The visit was sponsored by Lord Inverchapel, the British Ambassador in Washington. Accompanying the boys on their tour of the Academy were Captain Ebert (left), of the United States Navy, and three ensigns

BURMA'S NEW GOVERNOR TAKES THE OATH: Sir Herbert Rance seen at the ceremony at Rangoon at which he was installed in his new office. Sir Herbert, who follows Sir Reginald Dorman Smith as Governor, served in Burma as Viscount Mountbatten's chief Civil Affairs Officer, and he brings to his new task first-hand knowledge of the needs of the Burmese in this time of reconstruction. Sir Herbert saw service in the first World War as a Signals officer. In 1941 he was made Deputy Director of the Military Training Branch at the War Office, and in the following year became first Director of Technical Training, playing a large part in building up our mechanised forces

THE MILLIONAIRE WHO ESCAPED DEATH IN AN EXPERIMENTAL PLANE: Mr. Howard Hughes, the flyer and film producer, seen on arrival at New York after his first solo flight following his convalescence. He was very seriously injured, it will be remembered, when the twin-engined machine he was testing for the U.S. Army came down in flames on July 7

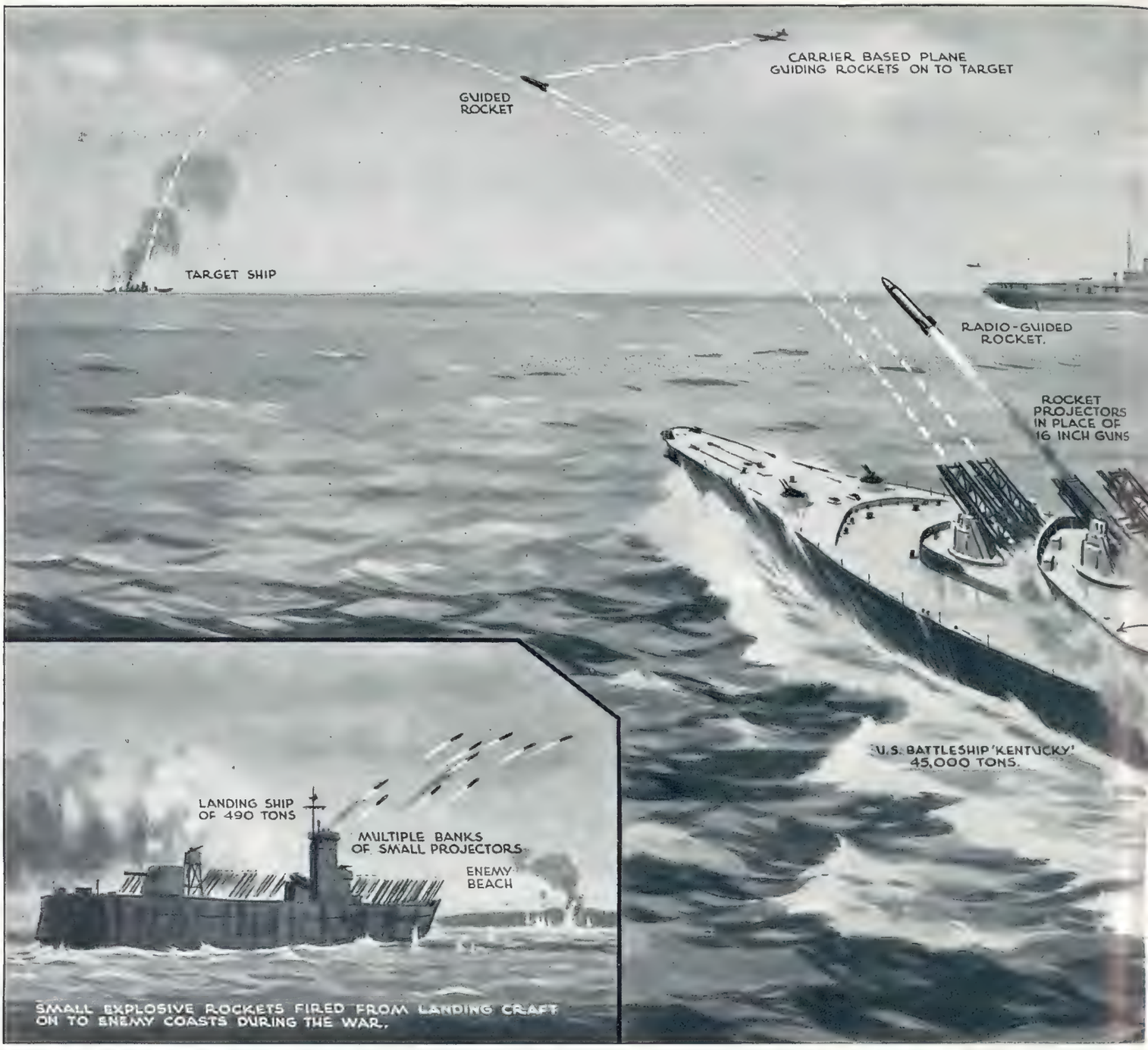
ROUND-UP IN MONTMARTRE: A plain-clothes policeman holding up suspects while a colleague searches them for arms. This was only one incident in a great drive against crime in Paris, particularly in the Montmartre district, a huge force of uniformed and plain-clothes police going into action against the gangs. Many arrests were made, and the bulk of those arrested were connected with the Black Market

PAVEMENT ARTISTS FOR A DAY: Two sisters, demobbed from the W.R.N.S., Olive and Doris Jukes, who were both in the naval film unit at Portsmouth, drawing for instructional films, seen trying their hands as pavement artists. They went into action on the Thames Embankment near Cleopatra's Needle, and with their coloured chalks they drew dancers and girls' heads, queer dragons and landscapes. They wanted to see what the work was like and appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Their takings were ten shillings, coming largely from the great concourse of people who gathered at the unveiling at the R.A.F. memorial

THE PEOPLE OF BAZOVICA REMEMBER: A procession of Slovene village folk from Bazovica, near Trieste, marching with their village flag in a procession to commemorate the execution of four Slovenes six years ago. The procession went from the village to the scene of the execution, where a memorial has been erected. The service at the memorial was conducted by a priest who was a brother of one of the executed men and himself a former victim of the Fascists

HELPING TO BRING PROSPERITY BACK TO CHINA'S FISHING INDUSTRY: A few of the fleet of Pacific coast-type deep-sea fishing vessels, which have been purchased from the United States by U.N.R.R.A., seen at Point Island, Shanghai, after crossing the Pacific under their own steam. The vessels were manned by experienced American crews, some of whom will remain in China to instruct the Chinese in modern power-boat fishing and maintenance. The vessels are 60 to 80 ft. in length

"LABOUR GOVERNMENT, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?" This was one of the banners paraded through Karados Camp, Cyprus, by illegal Jewish immigrants when 2,000 of them held a demonstration on the occasion of a Press visit. Another slogan read: "From Camp to Camp—Till When?", while at the head of the children's column was a little refugee orphan who carried a placard stating: "I am Britain's Enemy No. 1.". The illegal immigrants gathered in Cyprus are embittered largely because they know that many of their predecessors got into Palestine at the "back door," *via* the Athlit Camp, and they feel that they are desperately unlucky in not having received the same treatment. They see little prospect of getting to the "Promised Land" in measurable time, and dread the thought of returning to Europe



THE NEW NAVAL ARTILLERY—THE PLAN TO MODIFY THE U.S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY," FITTING HER WITH ROCKET PROJECTORS FOR GUIDED MISSILES: An artist's impression of the 45,000-ton "Kentucky" firing rockets at a target-ship. While the rockets are in flight they will be controlled from a carrier-based plane and guided directly on to the target. The United States Navy announced at the beginning of this month that the superstructure of the "Kentucky" was being prepared to take this equipment, and that similar plans were also being made for the battleship "Hawaii." *Inset on left*—Barrage rockets (firing unguided missiles) as used during the war—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

"FRITZ" IS NOW A MUSEUM-PIECE: This 3,450-lb. projectile belongs to the first type of guided missile used operationally by the Germans, and, having been made the subject of intensive research by the U.S. Army, it will be put on public display. "Fritz," which is its code name, was put into mass production by the Germans in 1944. With a total weight of 3,450 lbs., it can pierce ship's armour-plate 28 ins. thick from an altitude of 19,000 ft. The Germans fitted it to the Dornier 217, the Heinkel 177, and also the Junkers 188, and the navigators guided the missile

AMERICA ADOPTS THE GUIDED MISSILE

Adapting a German Weapon to the Needs of the U.S. Navy

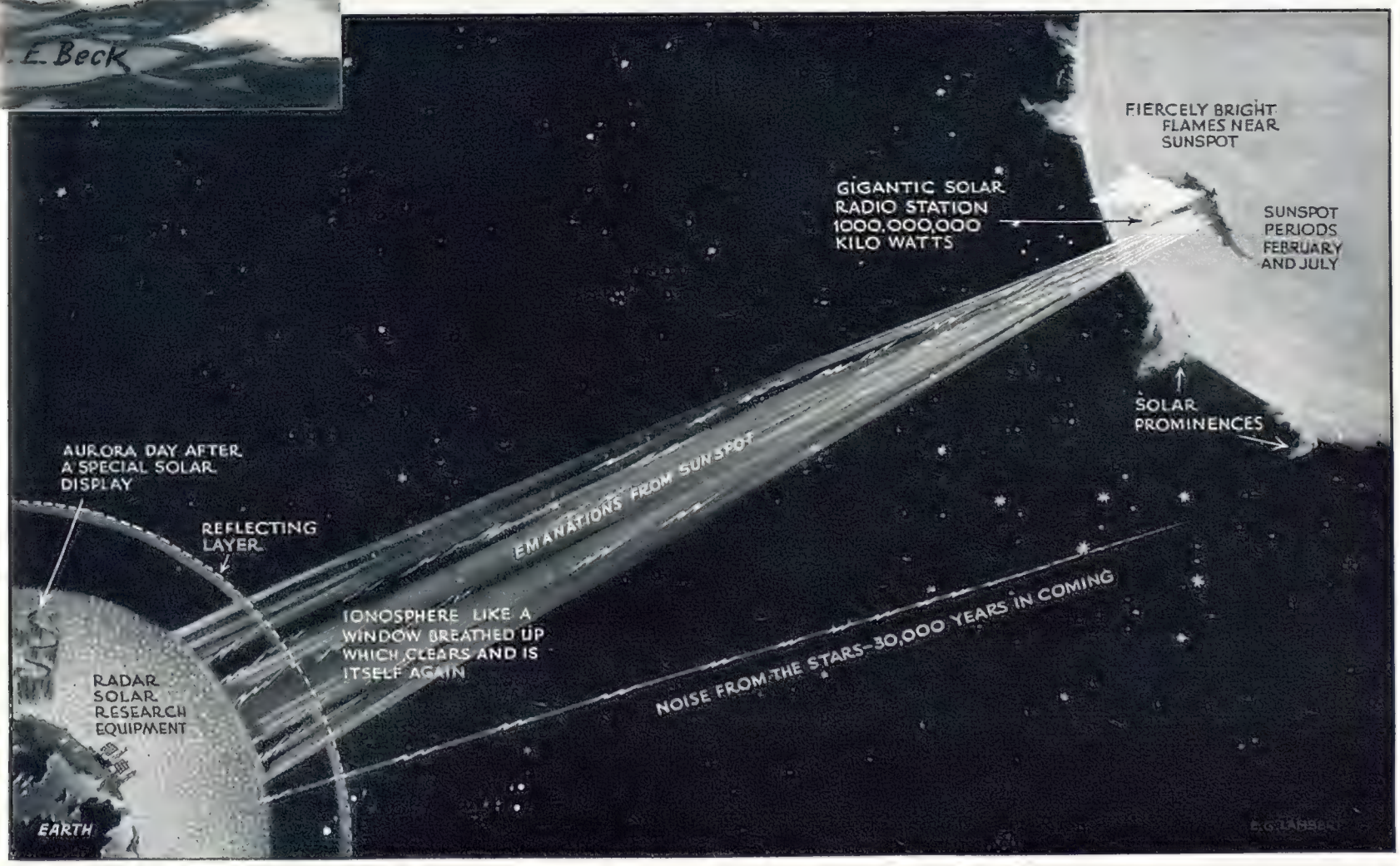
Naval planning for the future is almost wholly dependent on the lessons learnt in the atom-bomb tests at Bikini, but while those results are still being collated by Admiral Blandy and his staff, the United States naval authorities have already decided that there is at least one weapon essential for the future, and that is the guided missile developed by the Germans in the closing stages of the war. Captured missiles have been thoroughly examined and tested in the United States, and as a result it is now announced that the superstructures of the U.S. battleships *Hawaii* and *Kentucky* will be modified to accommodate guided-missile equipment. It has already been proved beyond doubt that this weapon has great accuracy, being guided throughout its flight by a carrier-based plane accompanying the battleship. During the war, rockets were used with success in the Allied navies, but their function was protective, and the system was to fire a barrage in the face of approaching hostile aircraft. Whether the rocket projector will come in course of time to oust the 16- or 15-in. gun is a moot point, particularly in view of the fact that gunnery has achieved a new accuracy with the introduction of radar

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON

British and French Scientists Seek to Evolve the Space Ship

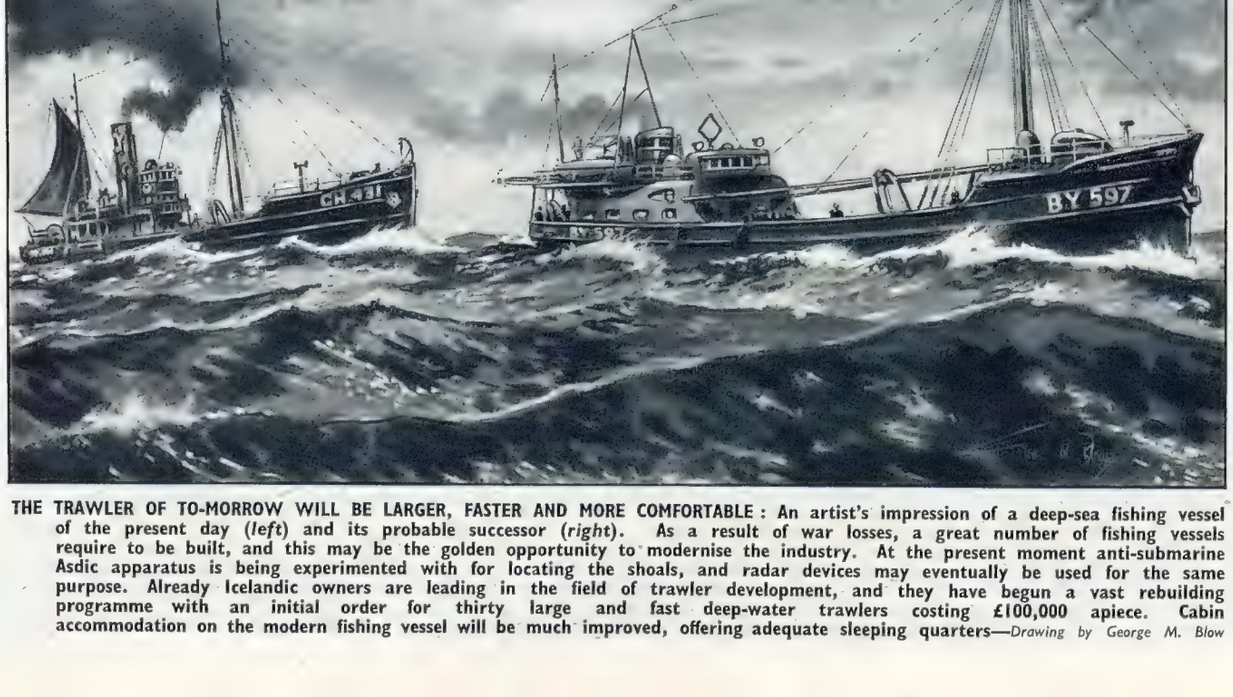
Any time in the last fifty years, mention of a space ship would have been coupled inevitably with the name of Jules Verne; but slowly and surely we are emerging from the realm of fiction, and a craft that can fly to and from the moon is no longer outside the realm of practical possibility. The picture on the right shows a Scotsman's conception of a space ship now being shown in the "Designs of the Future" section at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. Meanwhile in Paris developments are even farther ahead, and Dr. Alexander Ananoff, chief rocket designer of a group of French engineers, is actively planning a scientific expedition to the moon. Known as the *Astronef*, his ship will be a central cabin propelled by two high-power rockets. The cabin is pressurised and heavily insulated against friction with asbestos and will carry a crew of four or five, including a doctor, a geologist and an astronomer. Oxygen will have to be supplied throughout the journey, and throughout the stay on the moon's surface. Food and water for the three weeks' trip will take a large part of the cabin space. The *Astronef* will be provided with auxiliary rockets. As the moon's surface is approached, the rockets will be turned on to slow down the missile. It will not be possible to do this by means of parachutes as there is no air round the moon.

THE SPACE SHIP OF THE FUTURE: This remarkable-looking model, invented by Mr. Warnett Kennedy, of Glasgow, is the basic design for an atom-powered craft capable of flying to and from the moon. It is an exhibit in the "Designs of the Future" section at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. The space ship would be capable of moving in any direction, and it would have a central control chamber where observers during a journey would be able to study the Earth, the moon or planets by camera obscura methods. Mr. Kennedy, an architect and designer by profession, declares: "I do not claim that the space ship is immediately practicable, but I do regard it as an intelligent anticipation of the trend of future design"



***Below*—THE SUN A GIANT RADIO STATION: A diagrammatic drawing illustrating the current activities of British scientists who have been working under Sir Edward Appleton during the present period of sunspot maximum and, with the aid of radar, have made some remarkable discoveries with regard to the ionospheric layer and the emanations from sunspots.** The present sunspot activity has the effect of creating a hissing noise on the radar receiver when the receiver is directed towards the sun (that gigantic solar radio station). The effect is shown at the same time as a disturbance on the cathode tube of the receiver. The importance of the discovery lies partly in the fact that it will give early warning of wireless fade-outs and of the possibility of magnetic storms. It may lead, also, to a vast increase in our slender knowledge of the universe—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE WOLF LIGHTHOUSE—A VITAL SEA-MARK IN THE AUTUMN AND WINTER STORMS THAT BEAT ROUND BRITAIN'S SOUTH-WEST COAST : An artist's impression of the famous light which lies in the treacherous waters between Land's End and the Lizard. It is on this coast that Cornwall County Council are now urging there should be a harbour of refuge, St. Ives being named as the likeliest spot for such a development, and a plan of construction has already been prepared and submitted. During the war the Wolf did not operate except when special convoys were passing through. British lighthouses have a world-wide reputation, and figuring largely in our export trade at the moment are orders for lighthouse equipment totalling £500,000—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



THE TRAWLER OF TO-MORROW WILL BE LARGER, FASTER AND MORE COMFORTABLE : An artist's impression of a deep-sea fishing vessel of the present day (*left*) and its probable successor (*right*). As a result of war losses, a great number of fishing vessels require to be built, and this may be the golden opportunity to modernise the industry. At the present moment anti-submarine Asdic apparatus is being experimented with for locating the shoals, and radar devices may eventually be used for the same purpose. Already Icelandic owners are leading in the field of trawler development, and they have begun a vast rebuilding programme with an initial order for thirty large and fast deep-water trawlers costing £100,000 apiece. Cabin accommodation on the modern fishing vessel will be much improved, offering adequate sleeping quarters—*Drawing by George M. Blow*

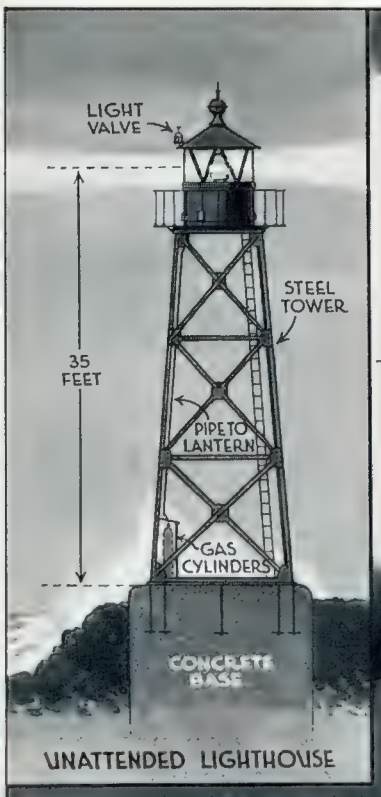
On right—

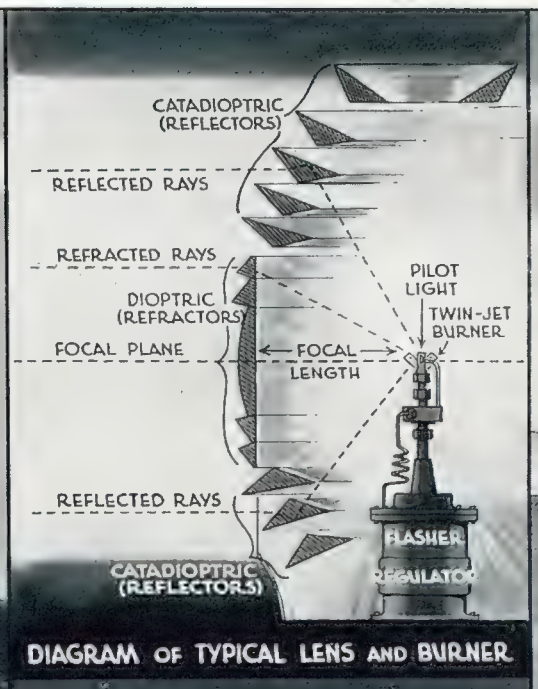
ST. IVES AS A PORT OF REFUGE

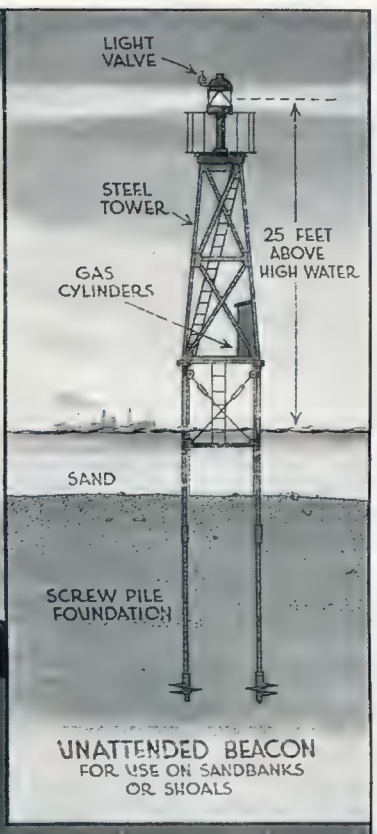
For a century and a half the precipitous coast of North Cornwall and Devon from Land's End to Hartland Point has been known as "The Sailor's Grave," and in that time scores of ships and hundreds of seamen have been lost along the 100-mile stretch of picturesque but dangerous peninsula because of the absence of a safe harbour. Now at last the Cornwall County Council and the St. Ives Corporation have formed a joint committee to press for the provision of a harbour of refuge. It is considered that the ideal scheme would be one designed to serve a larger lifeboat than can at present be used at St. Ives, and, in addition, to provide a moderate-sized breakwater, as depicted in the drawing on the right. A breakwater 1,500 ft. in length, the end of it in water 40 ft. deep, would provide a sheltered area of many acres, giving protection to merchant vessels as well as to a launching-site for the lifeboat. The drawing on the extreme right shows how the breakwater might consist of an outer casing of concrete filled with sand

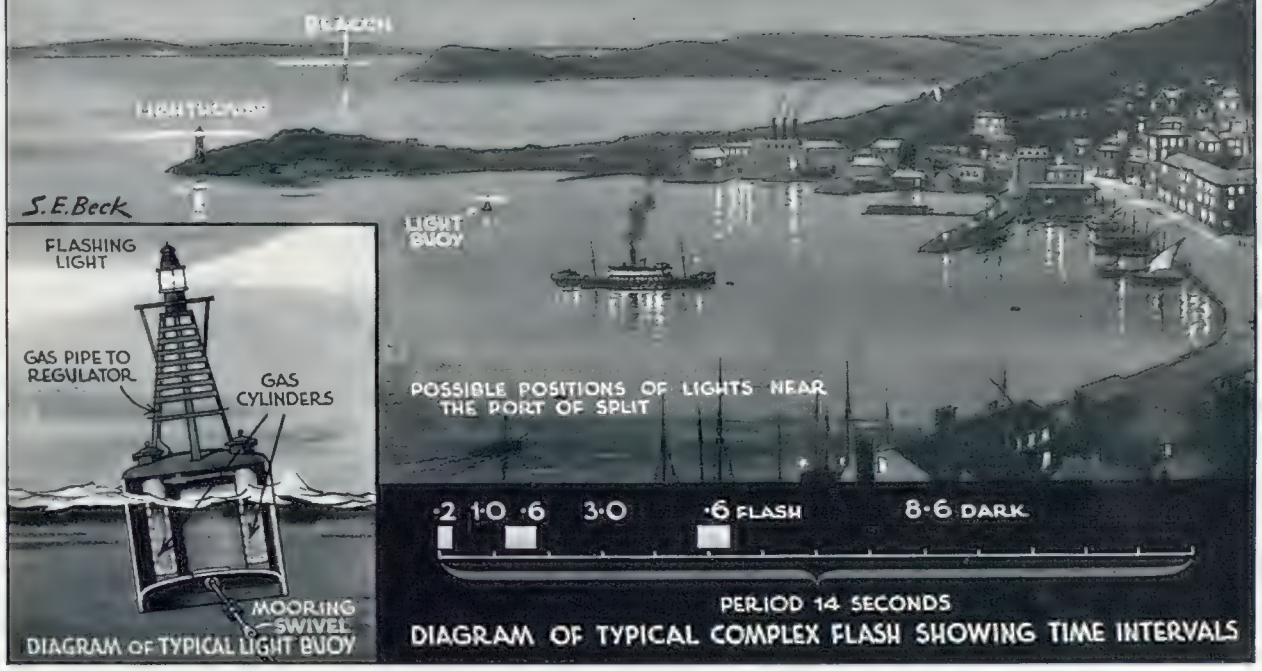
LIGHTHOUSES FOR EXPORT

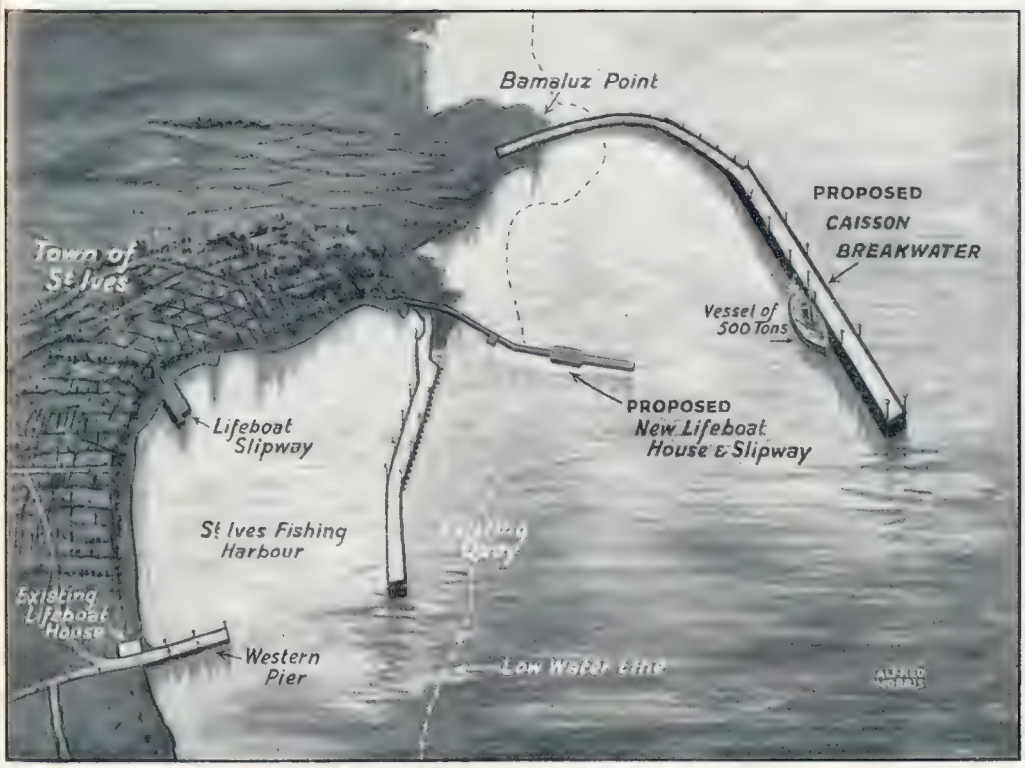
British Equipment is in Demand at Overseas Ports

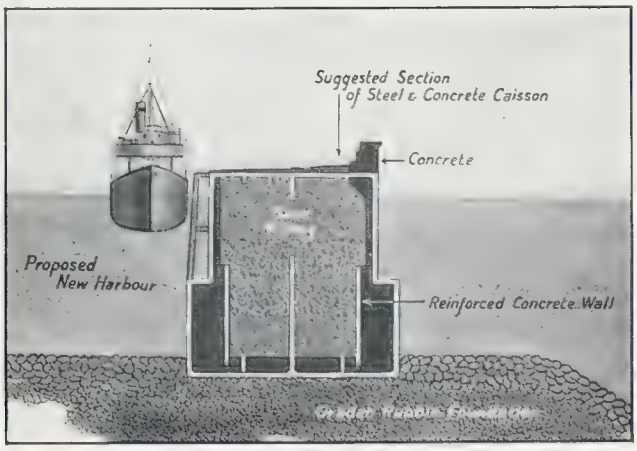












THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH LIGHTHOUSE EQUIPMENT : A diagrammatic drawing showing (*top*) unattended lights and beacons ; and (*below on left*) a typical light buoy of the kind now being made in Britain to meet the needs of overseas customers. In the centre is a general view of the port of Split, on the Dalmatian coast, showing the possible position of unattended lighthouses which are now on order in this country. Orders from other countries include India, Greece, Newfoundland, Labrador, the Dutch East Indies, and Finland. The Finns require automatic lighthouses which will work for three months at a stretch without attention, guiding the fishing fleets in Arctic waters. The fuel used in practically all unattended lights is acetylene gas, which is dissolved in liquid acetone for storage in cylinders. Sometimes a "light valve" is fitted to unattended lights, turning on the main burner at dusk and turning it off at dawn—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

UNITS OF THE U.S. FLEET PAY A COURTESY CALL AT MALTA: The United States destroyers "New," "Cone" and "Corry" in Sliema Harbour; and, at the head of the line, the British light cruiser "Phœbe," flagship of Rear-Admiral McCarthy. The larger units of the American Fleet rode at anchor several miles out to sea, as submerged vessels still constitute a menace in the harbour

AMERICAN SHIPS AT MALTA

The Plight of the "HELENA MODJESKA"

Throughout the summer and early autumn the European Squadron of the United States Fleet has been extremely active in European waters, cruising from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus and back again, and calling at many ports en route. The Squadron has lately been joined by the new American aircraft-carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, and after putting in at Lisbon, where General Carmona, President of the Portuguese Republic, was received on board the *Roosevelt*, the Squadron left for Malta. The three destroyers entered Malta Harbour, but the *Roosevelt*, a vessel of 45,000 tons, and the cruiser *Little Rock* rode at anchor out to sea, as it was deemed dangerous for them to negotiate waters which are still strewn with sunken wrecks, relics of the days when Malta endured the almost ceaseless battering of Kesselring's Luftwaffe.

THE FATE OF THE "HELENA MODJESKA"—The 7,000-TON AMERICAN STEAMER BROKEN IN TWO AFTER GOING AGROUND ON THE GOODWINS: A dramatic picture taken when the stricken vessel had been battered to destruction by the sea. The "Helena Modjeska" was bound for Bremerhaven with a £600,000 cargo for the United States zone of Germany, and, after strenuous efforts were made to refloat her, the master, Captain William Curren, twenty members of the crew and two German prisoner-of-war stowaways were taken off. Subsequently, it was announced that Captain Curren had been found dead in his bedroom at a Ramsgate hotel. Last week further attempts were made to refloat the "Helena Modjeska," but during the week-end the ship began to break up and eventually split into two halves. This picture shows large quantities of military transport on her decks

THE MEETING OF THE BLUE AND WHITE NILES WHEN BOTH IN SPATE: A dramatic picture of the confluence of the two great rivers which have been swollen by heavy rains on the upper reaches and, as a result, have been flooding vast areas in the Sudan and in Egypt. The rivers meet at Khartoum and Omdurman, and both these places have been seriously affected by the floods

THE NILE IN FLOOD

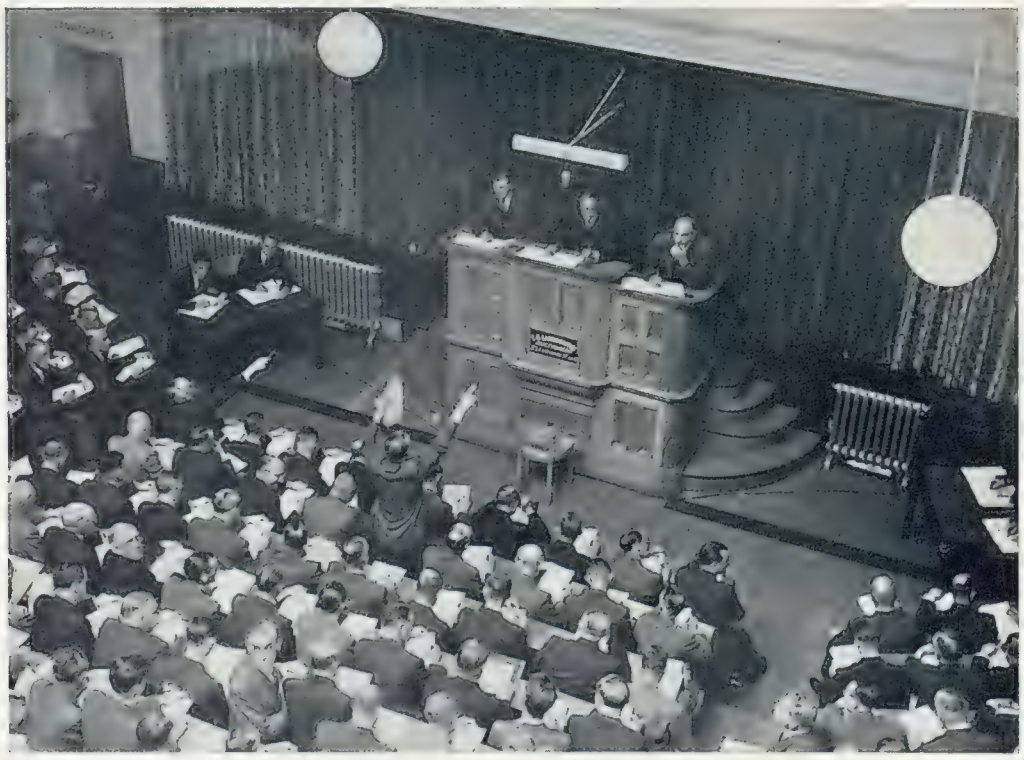
Villages Isolated in the Khartoum District

The Nile flood is an annual event comparable in regularity with the monsoon, but of recent weeks the floods have reached such proportions that a state of emergency has had to be declared in the Sudan and defence works hurriedly built on the Egyptian stretch of the river. Early in September so much water was flowing down the Blue and White Niles that at their confluence at Khartoum the floods spread far and wide across the countryside, doing immense damage to crops and property and isolating many villages. In the neighbourhood of the Sennar Dam, damage was caused through the jamming of the sluices by debris and crocodiles swept down by the swollen river

AN OASIS AMID THE FLOOD-WATERS OF THE BLUE NILE: A dramatic aerial view showing Sudanese buildings isolated by the floods which have swept down the river and engulfed whole areas of agricultural land

THE RISING OF THE WATERS IN EGYPT AND THE SUDAN: *Left*—A sandbagged embankment erected at Wadi Halfa to prevent the swollen Nile from overrunning a garden. *Right*—Flooded countryside to the north of Khartoum, where the damage to crops and property has been severe. The Nile is invariably in spate at this season, but on this occasion the barrages were unequal to the task of holding back the flood-waters. Farmers in the Sudan have suffered such severe losses that the Government has opened a relief fund. The British Army is helping with the relief work, and has loaned tents to the homeless

MORE DISCOVERIES IN ROMAN CANTERBURY : Watched by interested bystanders, excavators work on the blitzed site near the Cathedral, where they have brought to light relics of the Roman occupation. The finds include the floor of a bath-house, part of a tessellated pavement, and fragments of medieval crockery. This picture shows how the Cathedral stands on the very edge of the extensive blitzed shopping area, having the greatest good fortune in escaping damage during the devastating surprise raid on the largely undefended city. Earlier in the present year, it will be remembered, several remarkable tessellated pavings were unearthed at a neighbouring site and they were shown to the King and Queen during their visit



LONDON'S FIRST WOOL SALES FOR SEVEN YEARS : Bidding in progress at the Wool Exchange in the City, where bales from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Falkland Islands were auctioned. In addition to the many British buyers who attended, there were also representatives from the United States, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, France and Italy. These sales were suspended during the war years. They never assume the same importance as the sales which take place at Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, Wellington, Buenos Aires and Bahia Blanca, the bulk of the buying being done in the country of origin

Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

FLUORESCENT LIGHTING IN OLD BOND STREET : The celebrate shopping thoroughfare, deserted during the early hour of the morning, is made the subject of an experiment The street is illuminated by centrally-placed fluorescent lamps whic throw a bright but even light over the whole area. The consumptio is about three-fifths of that recorded before the war. The experimen will probably lead to large-scale changes in London's street lightin

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF MAJOR CECIL BOON : The accused officer leaving the court during a luncheon interval in the hearing of his case, which took place at a house in Mayfair. Major Boon, acquitted after over a fortnight's trial, was charged with collaboration with the Japanese while acting as liaison officer at a Hong Kong prisoner-of-war camp. Counsel for the defence was Mr. G. O. Slade K.C., and it was urged on Major Boon's behalf that he was acting under pressure from the Japanese

OXFORD MAKES MERRY: The broad boulevard of St. Giles' Street, flanked by booths and merry-go-rounds and thronged with people, during the annual St. Giles' Fair. On the first day it was estimated that over 30,000 people attended the Fair, creating an unaccustomed air of revelry in the dignified and scholastic precincts of Balliol and St. John's

THE BACKYARD BOAT: This 22-ft. craft has been built by Mr. F. Wilkin, of Ashmore Road, Paddington, in the small yard behind his house. A broken kitchen-chair props the boat in position until it is ready to be taken to the Thames for launching. Mr. Wilkin laid the keel in 1939, and he has built his craft on the basis of a design which he saw in an American magazine. The work has cost him £65 and to a large extent he has used scrap timber, including two posts (cost 6d.) from the staircase of the home of the late Mr. Solly Joel. He has refused £200 for the boat

THE SQUATTERS' WAY AND PURPOSE: A speaker at the Sunday rally in Hyde Park, where squatters from all parts of London and sympathisers with the movement gathered before starting an organised march. The mass meeting was not a particular success, and it was evident that Londoners, while deeply sympathetic with the situation of the homeless, were critical of the methods to which the Communist Party resorted in their efforts to make political capital out of the movement. Police were on duty in force

RINGLEADERS OF THE SQUATTING MOVEMENT: Councillor E. F. Bramley, Councillor G. Carritt, Miss J. Allergant, Mr. S. Henderson (behind), and Councillor M. I. Rosen leaving Bow Street after they had been charged with conspiring to incite persons to trespass and with aiding and abetting such persons. The accused were allowed bail. Mr. Bramley is secretary of the London Communist Party; Mr. Gabriel Carritt is a Westminster City councillor; Miss Joyce M. Allergant is also a Westminster councillor; while Morris I. Rosen is a Stepney councillor. A large crowd gathered at Bow Street in the hope of attending the proceedings

TO RIDE FOR THE KING: W. H. Carr, the North Country jockey, seen with his wife and daughter near their country home at Middleham. Carr has been chosen as the King's jockey for next season in succession to Douglas Smith, and he celebrated the announcement by winning three races in one day at Hamilton Park. Carr will also be first jockey for Boyd-Rochfort's stable, at which the King's horses at Newmarket are trained, while those trained at Beckhampton will continue to be ridden by Gordon Richards. Carr is to spend the winter in India, but will be home next February in time for the "flat"

IN THE HEART OF THE GRAMPIANS—THE LURE OF THE HIGHLANDS IN EARLY AUTUMN: An angler fishing the Spey, near Newtonmore, in Inverness-shire, and close to its junction with the Calder. Rising in the background are the lovely wooded slopes of Craig Dhu, partly in sunlight and partly in shadow. Scotland is at its most beautiful at this time of the year, with the air crisp and clear, and more often than not a long-continued spell of fine weather

THE GRAMPIANS IN AUTUMN

The Scene of An Elaborate Hydro-Electric Scheme

The potentialities of the Highlands as a cheap source of power for the industrial Lowlands have long been recognised, and in the years immediately before the war active development was taking place in the Grampians. At the moment work is progressing on the plan to direct the waters of the River Tummel, in Perthshire, and its most interesting feature is the construction of a 1½-mile-long tunnel to take the water which will feed the Clunie power-station. When the tunnel is completed it will have sufficient diameter for two buses to pass, and it will be able to take an immense volume of water to feed the turbines. The walls of the tunnel will be heavily lined with concrete, as the rushing waters would otherwise cause serious erosion

A TUNNEL FOR THE TUMMEL: The entrance to the 1½-mile underground workings which will carry the River Tummel (*left*) from the new dam site to the Clunie power-station. It forms part of a £6,500,000 hydro-electric scheme which will provide much-needed power for industrial purposes

CRUISE of the "MERCURY": A FLYING CLASSROOM on an EMPIRE TOUR

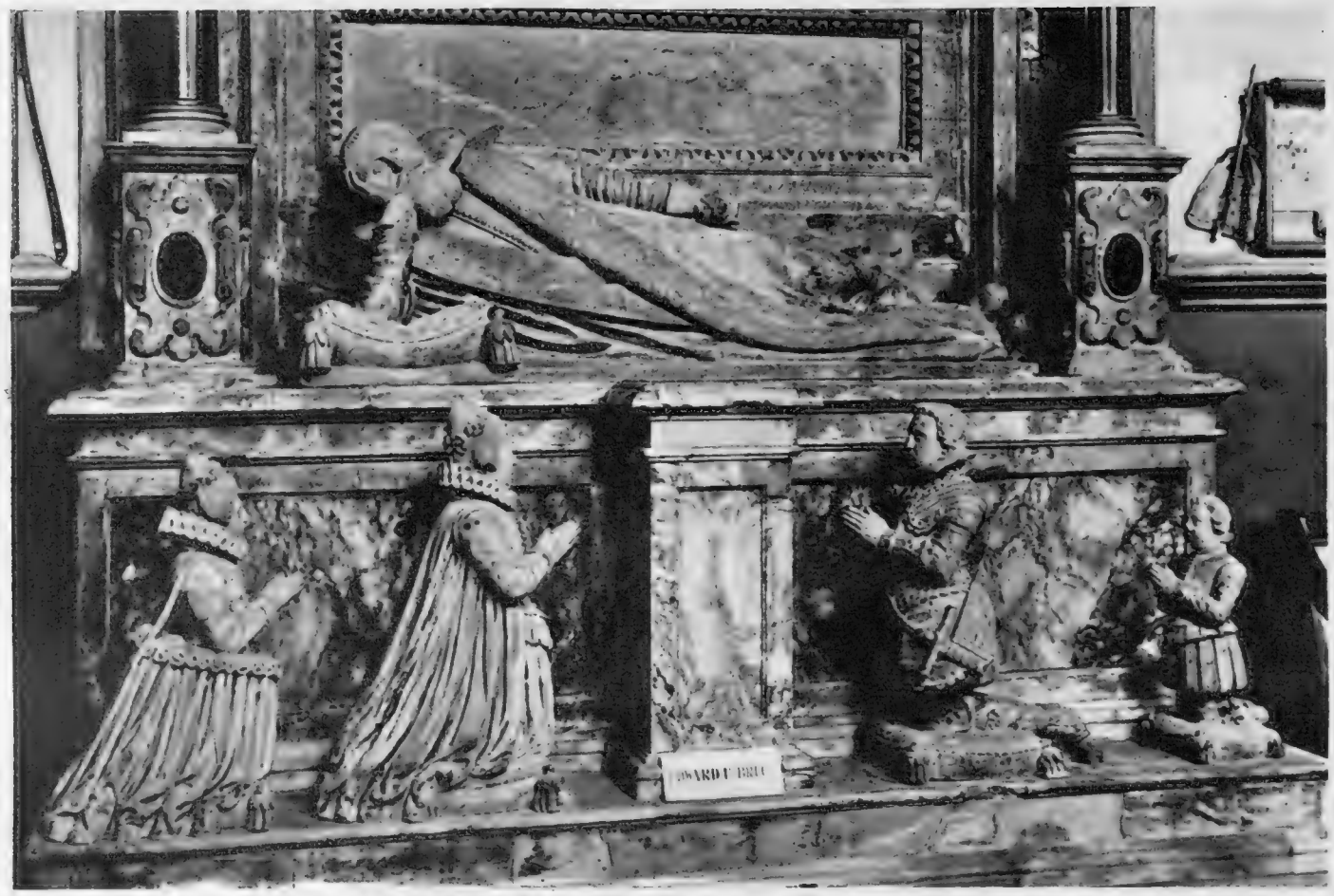
TO TEACH THE EMPIRE: Flight-Lieut. Wood and Flying Officer Douglas, radio instructors of the "Mercury," seen at their instruments in this R.A.F. Halifax bomber which has been equipped as a flying radio classroom. The "Mercury" left England last week on a flight of 25,000 miles, which will take sixty-five days and during which some hundreds of flying men in Australia, New Zealand and the Middle East will receive instruction

The first liaison flight to go overseas from the recently-formed Empire Radio School at Debden, near Saffron Walden, began last week when the *Mercury* started on her 25,000-mile tour. The *Mercury* is fitted with radar night-fighter equipment and bombing and navigational devices of the latest pattern, and in her flying classroom she will be able to take three pupils at a time in practical instruction. The purpose of the mission is to help ensure uniform radio instruction throughout the air forces of the British Commonwealth. Before departure from Debden the aircraft was officially named *Mercury* by Mrs. Isabel Fagan, wife of the leader of the mission, Air-Commodore T. P. F. Fagan, commandant of the school. As *Mercury* makes its way eastwards an attempt will be made to keep in regular communication with the Empire Radio School

BEFORE THE OFF: Air-Commodore T. P. F. Fagan, commandant of the Empire Radio School, seen with Wing-Commander Rusher prior to the departure of the "Mercury"

BRITAIN'S HISTORIC DOCUMENTS Restored to View at THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Domesday Book and many other priceless historical documents are now once again on view at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, which was opened to the public last week for the first time since the war. During the war the documents were stored in safety at Shepton Mallet, in Somerset, and they have now been restored to their rightful home without a single loss or the slightest damage by enemy action. Within the Record Office are also the remains of the Chapel of the Rolls, and the monuments in the chapel, including one attributed to the great Torrigiani, are now refurbished and on view again.



EDWARD, LORD BRUCE OF KINLOSS, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, WHO DIED IN 1611, AND HIS WIFE, SONS AND DAUGHTER: This alabaster monument is in the Rolls Chapel of the Public Record Office Museum which, after being closed throughout the war, has now been opened again to the public. During the war the national archives, including the Domesday Book, were hidden safely away in the country, and they have been brought back during the past six months

ANOTHER FAMILY MEMORIAL WROUGHT IN ALABASTER: The monument in the Rolls Chapel, Public Record Office, to Richard Alington, of Lincoln's Inn, who died in 1561, and his wife Jane. The small figures of their three daughters are given in low relief on a tablet placed between them

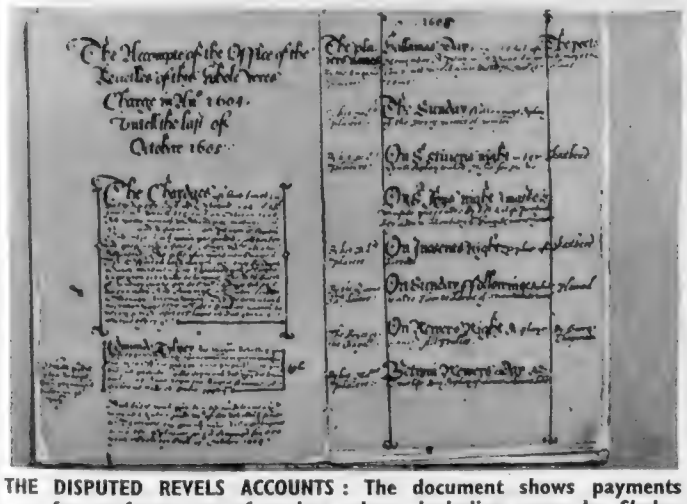
ATTRIBUTED TO PIETRO TORRIGIANI: The finest of the monuments in the Rolls Chapel of the Public Record Office commemorates Dr. John Yong, Master of the Rolls, and Dean of York, who died in 1516. The terra-cotta effigy shows the Doctor attired in a red gown with tippet and hood and a square cap. In the lunette above are the heads of Christ and of two cherubs. From the likeness of the effigy of Dr. Yong to that of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, the work has long been attributed to Torrigiani

COLOURFUL HERALDIC EMBLEMS ADORN THE WALLS OF THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE: The arms of William Hardy, knight, and of Henry Churchill Maxwell Lyte, K.C.B., two Deputy Keepers of the Records, who held office during the last century. On the left is the west window containing modern stained-glass representations of the arms of successive Keepers, or Masters of the Rolls

WHERE DOCUMENTS OF STATE WERE KEPT IN MEDIEVAL DAYS: *Left*—A chestnut chest with three locks, dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, and *(on right)* a slightly older oak chest, bound with iron, from the Chapel of the Pyx, Westminster. Both of them are now on view at the Public Record Office, which opened its doors to the public last week for the first time since the start of the war

A COPY OF THE STATUTES OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL: The illuminated front page of the Statutes showing King Louis XI of France seated on a throne and surrounded by members of the Order. The volume came to England in 1527, when it was presented to Henry VIII by the Grand Master of France on behalf of Francis I, together with the insignia of the Order

THREE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS: A Bull of Pope Innocent III (left), the Charter of King Richard I (centre) and the Charter of William, King of Scots (right) are once again on show at the Record Office after being preserved in safety at Shepton Mallet during the war. The papal bull was directed to the people of Ireland, exhorting them to be faithful to King John. The charter of Richard I confirms a partition of the inheritance of William de Say, while the third document restores to "Robert de Brus" the land which his father and he had previously held in Annandale. It is dated A.D. 1166, and bears the Great Seal of Scotland



THE DISPUTED REVELS ACCOUNTS: The document shows payments for performances of various plays, including some by Shakespeare, and it belongs to the early years of the seventeenth century. The documents, having for some time been out of official custody, have been the subject of very heated controversy, and they were at one time alleged to be forgeries

A ROLL OF PLEAS IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII: The initial "P" in each of these documents contains a representation of the Sovereign enthroned. The Record Office has in its possession a series of Plea Rolls from the reign of Richard I

MORE ABOUT SWISS HOLIDAYS

Goods are Beginning to Get Scarce in the Once Well-Stocked Shops

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN a trifle over a month—on November 1, to be exact—our basic allowance of £75 English currency will once again be available to take abroad. The Swiss and other foreign hoteliers are hoping fervently, like us, that this basic allowance will be substantially increased—possibly doubled. The reason for this is not far to seek. Hundreds of British tourists in Switzerland this summer have indulged in such an orgy of buying that either they have been unable to pay their hotel bills, or have cut down their expenses in their hotels to an absolute minimum in order to have more money left for buying goods unobtainable in England.

I have heard of several cases of both categories. The Swiss hotel-keepers know quite well that their English clients will ultimately pay, but after six years of semi-empty bedrooms, it is a nuisance to find their visitors apologising for their temporary inability to settle or spend normal sums on drinks and other extras. I salvaged an English Army officer myself at Berne.

In the meantime, the extent to which English visitors are buying goods in Swiss shops is shown by the fact that Bonnard's store—the biggest in Lausanne—has had no men's white shirts between the sizes of 14½ (collar) and 17 (collar) for some weeks. The white, transparent plastic raincoats to which I referred last week are also practically unobtainable; so are many other ranges. The head of a big store in Zurich told me that 80 per cent. of his merchandise was temporarily out of stock. Not that the British visitors are entirely responsible for the depletion in the shops. The American troops are buying heavily, though they confine most of their attentions to watches. M. Gubelin, whom I mentioned also last week, told me that his firm has sold six times as many watches during the past twelve months as in 1939. Moreover, every watch under the price of £15 was completely gone.

Added to the difficulties of the British visitors is that all air-lines and express trains are booked up at least ten days in advance. This means that the visitors are compelled to linger on with dwindling, or completely dwindled, francs until they can secure a reservation. So if any of you are thinking of going to Switzerland this autumn or winter, I strongly advise you to book your return passage, whether by air or Orient Express, before you have left England. The mere mention of the words Orient Express is a pleasure—even though it only begins at Milan and though only one coach proceeds all the way to Calais. The fact remains that this romantic of all trains still glides smoothly across Europe, in spite of the fact that the punctual Swiss cannot guarantee the exact time of its arrival or departure during its passage through the Confederation. In this connection, beware of the Lady of Lausanne, who is specially detailed by the Swiss Customs to search women when they cross the frontier at Vallorbes. She is very inquisitive, and the only traveller I know who got the better of her was an Australian girl who happened to know that the Lady of Lausanne can be compelled, if asked, to wear her official white gloves when searching bags and baggage. On this occasion the Lady of Lausanne had failed to bring them with her—a fact which was smartly pointed out to her. . . .

As for the general impact of world war on Switzerland, the Swiss lived under a continuous strain. As, I believe, has been revealed at the Nuremberg trials, the German High Command had definitely planned invasion of Switzerland, but had been dissuaded from the project by Mussolini. The night of greatest anxiety was May 10, 1940.

Actual physical damage from war was experienced in Geneva in the autumn of 1940, when a Wellington dropped five small bombs on Geneva, killing two people. Zurich suffered from bombs dropped by an American aeroplane much later in the war. The navigator must have been sadly off course. Stein am Rhein, that charming Walt Disney little town on the way to Lake Constance, had eight people killed and two nice old houses flattened by American bombs. But the chief damage, estimated at 50,000,000 francs, of which 10,000,000 francs has so far been paid in reparations by the American Government, occurred at Schaffhausen on April 1, 1944. The date is significant. Men of the Swiss Observer Corps saw a number of American bombers approaching and dropping bombs, though the nearest German town, Singen, was at least 20 kilometres away. They telephoned to headquarters in the middle of the town advising the commandant to give the Alert and warn people to take shelter. Unfortunately, April Fool's Day is observed in Switzerland as well as in England. The message was regarded as an April Fool. The American bombers circled over the town and proceeded to drop thousands of incendiaries. Factory after factory, house after picturesque house was set alight. A few small, high-explosive bombs were also dropped. I forget the actual number of casualties at the moment, but killed and wounded amounted to well over three figures.

With regard to the luxuries and necessities of life, Switzerland only began to suffer seriously after the Allied landings in the South of France. Until that time, Vichy France had provided a pipe-line for goods from Spain and Portugal. The landings in the Mediterranean, however, really cut Switzerland off from the rest of the world. This, coupled with the destruction of Germany and the capitulation of Italy, caused serious discomfort for a time. Almost everything was rationed, including bread. During the summer months the electrification of the various water supplies provided enough power, but in the winter, when the rivers froze, there was a genuine shortage of coal. Even now, hotels at the various winter-sports resorts have to add a special charge for heating during the winter.

What would have happened if Germany had really invaded Switzerland? The answer is that the Swiss troops would have retired into the Redoubt—which starts from Lucerne and proceeds to Lugano—with an overall width of about 50 miles. Nobody, except General Guisan, the Swiss Commander-in-Chief, and half-a-dozen of his Staff officers, really knows the size, locality and strength of the chain of fortresses across the mountains. It is generally believed, however, that there are five major fortresses, each capable of taking 200,000 troops with stores ample to sustain a four-years' siege. What exact good this would have done Switzerland one does not know. The big cities like Geneva, Lausanne and Lucerne, and all the rich valleys, would have had to be evacuated.

I have already referred to Schaffhausen and Stein am Rhein. Here I saw what is perhaps the most remarkable thing in Switzerland. If you go by steamer up the Rhine from Schaffhausen, you will find that the German and Swiss frontier forms a sort of Neapolitan ice-cream. For 500 yards to a depth of a mile, it will be German; then will come a slice of Switzerland—perhaps three miles long, backed, however, by a layer of Germany which, in turn, is half-surrounded by another segment of Switzerland. And so it goes for mile after mile. Except for an occasional old grey stone placed in a field, there is nothing to tell you whether the countryside is Swiss or German. This, the oddest frontier in the world, dates back to the Congress of Vienna, when everybody—one presumes—was so busy dancing, drinking and flirting that the incongruity was never noticed. The most peculiar part of the whole situation, however, is that these tiny fragments of German soil, surrounded by Switzerland, proved to be nests of the most rabid young Storm Troopers and Nazis, in spite of the fact that the climate and situation—usually the determining factor of character—are, of course, exactly the same as that which nurture the kindly Swiss on either side.

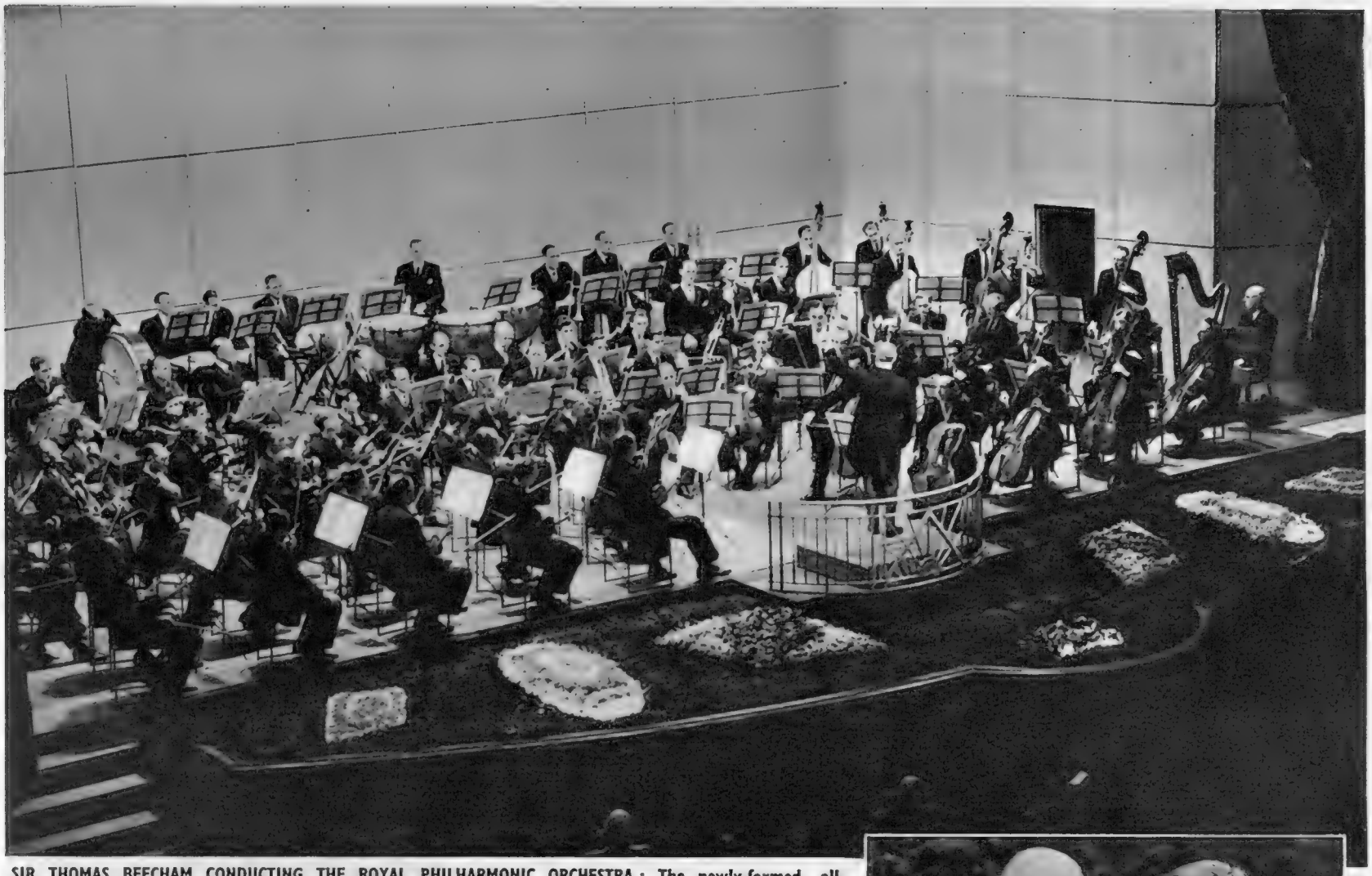
Presumably the ultimate Peace Conference will leave the frontier as ludicrously irregular as before. . . .

The Swiss railways are unquestionably the most up to date in the world. All the main lines are electrified, and so, too, are practically all the branch lines. With the exception of the aforesaid Orient Express, which starts from Italy, every train seems to arrive two minutes ahead of time and leave exactly on the dot. There are no club cars, as there are in the United States, but the most excellent meals are served in the restaurant-cars. In which connection I am reminded of the excellence of the railway-station restaurants in Switzerland.

Of the Swiss hotels—several have become casualties as the result of the world situation between 1939-45. Lucerne alone has lost ten, which have been turned into schools, Government buildings, flats or insurance offices. Best known to English visitors among these are the Cecil and the Beau Rivage. Lausanne has lost the Savoy, which is now part of the local university. In Geneva the Metropole is one of the buildings occupied by the International Red Cross.

To conclude, here is an excellent idea which might well be copied by the Travel Association of Great Britain in conjunction with the G.P.O. In every town in Switzerland you can dial the number 11, which is the centre for all the pooled information about bedrooms in the various hotels. Thus, instead of ringing wearily round the various hotels and pensions in the hopes of finding one with a spare bedroom, you dial 11, and know exactly where there is a bedroom and at what price.

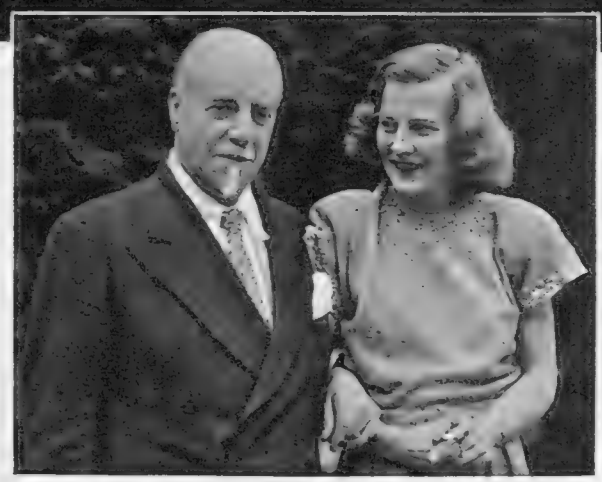
CIRCLING THE MATTERHORN BY SAILPLANE: A glider in action above the lower slopes of the great Swiss peak. During a recent Soaring Research Expedition (see "The Sphere," September 21) glider enthusiasts circled the Matterhorn and also crossed the Bernese Alps from south to north. The sailplanes were catapulted from a smooth shoulder of the Riffelberg, 8,600 ft. above sea-level, and had available as landing-place a meadow 3,300 ft. lower at Zermatt



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTING THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: The newly-formed, all-English orchestra is giving a fortnightly series of concerts at the Davis Theatre, Croydon. Sir Thomas Beecham has collected ninety-six English musicians, led by John Pennington, for his new concert orchestra. It will come to London next month for the Delius Festival at the Albert Hall and has been booked to visit America in 1948. Sir Thomas's innovation of darkening the auditorium and lighting himself with a purple spot is effective, but disconcerting to those who like to follow the music with a score. Sir Thomas has followed the practice of great orchestras on the Continent in making one man responsible for the orchestra and its players

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Sir Thomas Beecham's New Orchestra: Mr. Eugene O'Neill's New Play



SIR THOMAS AND LADY BEECHAM IN THEIR LONDON GARDEN: Lady Beecham, whom Sir Thomas married in 1943, was formerly Miss Betty Humby, the pianist

"JANE EYRE" AS PLAYED BY MARY MACKENZIE: The revival of the stage adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel is being performed at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. Helen Jerome's play, although almost inevitably unsatisfactory to lovers of the novel, nevertheless provides two strong acting parts: those of Jane and Rochester. Anthony Hawtrey plays Rochester, and Mary Mackenzie, as the Governess who finally marries him, looks charming in the old-fashioned clothes and bonnet of the mid-nineteenth century

EUGENE O'NEILL AT A REHEARSAL OF HIS NEW PLAY, "THE ICEMAN COMETH": The American dramatist's first play for twelve years will open in New York early next month. Not since he wrote *Days Without End* in 1933 has Eugene O'Neill produced a new play. Here he is indulging his habit of attending all rehearsals of his plays. *The Iceman Cometh* is set in West Side, Down Town, New York, in the year 1912. The "Iceman" represents death. The play has a cast of sixteen men and three women, and is being produced by Eddie Dowling. From left to right are: Eugene O'Neill and three members of the cast, Ruth Gilbert, Dudley Digges and Marcella Markham

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

RICHARD ALDINGTON'S ESTIMATE OF WELLINGTON

A New Summing-up of the Great Duke, Whose Character Has Been the Subject of So Many Erroneous Beliefs

THERE is something ironic about settling down in the autumn of 1946 to read a book wholly devoted to a discussion of servants. Good servants, scheming servants, great servants, but all women servants of more or less renown, whether in fiction or in fact. Nevertheless, Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart has written a book on these lines that is entertaining, witty and that doesn't make too many demands on our restraint or our good nature. Accepting once and for all the near-fact that there are no servants any more for any of us, it is still just possible to contemplate philosophically the stories about Byron's Mrs. Mule, Queen Elizabeth's Blanch Parry, and the flocks of maids who belonged respectively to the Pepys and Carlyle households.

THE ENGLISH ABIGAIL (Macmillan. 15s.) is a rewarding study, whether Miss Stuart is writing of Pepys' lament that "we have no luck in maids nowadays," or of the six pounds a year bestowed in the reign of King Charles II upon "Cath. Mason, a painfull old servant in the scullery." Servant troubles, one would gather, are not confined to the twentieth century, and we have Mrs. Carlyle's *cri de cœur*: "So now I am mistress of two servants—and ready to hang myself!"

THE FISHWIVES' FROLIC: Two veterans taking part in the Fishermen's Walk, the traditional procession through the streets of Fisherowe village, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, which was revived recently after a lapse of seven years. For the occasion the fisherfolk wear gay blouses and striped skirts and petticoats and carry effigies on the march

The servants of fiction are well represented with Dickens's Peggotty and Mrs. Gaskell's Martha, not to mention a chapter devoted to Richardson's Pamela and her contemporaries. Advertising for servants was a practice that began at the end of the seventeenth century, though at that time the classified system had not been used and the attempts to find places for servants or servants for places were printed in a miscellany with recommendations for such merchandise as coffins, spectacles, onions, brandy, whale fins and "joynted babies," which seem to have been dolls.

Miss Stuart quotes abundantly, and I will follow her example by reminding you of that passage in *Cranford* when Miss Matty's faithful Martha makes her a special pudding to cheer her up—"the most wonderful representation of a lion couchant that ever was moulded." "I should like," said Miss Matty, "to keep this pudding under a glass shade, dear," and when her suggestion was received with gentle but irrepressible laughter, she added mildly, "I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now."

Miss Stuart's comment, with which the book closes, is amusing. "In a sense," she writes, "Miss Matty's wish has been fulfilled, for Martha's lion, with its currant eyes and its mane of pudding, has not perished, and may well outlast its bronze brethren in Trafalgar Square."

In his lifetime, the Duke of Wellington was accustomed to complain that he was "much exposed to authors." In the four-and-ninety years since his death he has been even more formidably exposed, and WELLINGTON (Heinemann. 18s.), by Richard Aldington, is the latest of the popular biographies.

Mr. Aldington traces his earliest interest in "the Duke" to his childhood memories of a gorgeous military procession through the streets of Dover. A Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports of that vintage had been responsible, and the local verdict was that he was "putting on airs as if he was the great Duke 'isself." As a man of letters, Mr. Aldington confesses that in his assessment of Wellington he might have remained an unconscious victim of brilliant Bonapartist propaganda until the end of his life, but for "a purely fortuitous event" in the shape of a visit to the Peninsula in the early 1930's. He had a look round the battlefield of Busaco ("There is nothing like an object lesson for removing prejudice and pointing up ignorance"), and in time visited most of the battlefields in Portugal, Spain and Southern France.

Thus it was that the mysterious "old Duke" he had heard about as a child gradually took shape in his adult mind, "a man who influenced human destiny more than is usually granted outside more or less interested circles in his own country. There is, of course, a pro-Wellington legend of the English which has done him as much harm as the anti-Wellington legend of the Napoleonists. The strong aristocratic bias of Wellington's nature and the indisputably reactionary line he took up as a politician have led people into very erroneous notions of Wellington's character. Few men have had so many brilliant enemies, contemporary and posthumous; and between their clever misrepresentation and the awkward hero-worshipping of his adherents it is none too easy to discover his true character, especially since more apocryphal anecdotes are told of Wellington than of any other Englishman."

Now published for the first time in England, this book first appeared in America not long after the publication of Philip Guedalla's biography of the Duke of Wellington. It has nothing of the coruscating meretriciousness of Guedalla's book, but is a work of sound scholarship and deep insight into, and sympathy with, his subject. "He wore good-humouredly the tinsel and gold lace forced on him so lavishly, but it is noticeable that on every opportunity he put them aside. The Duke of Wellington had to do many things and put up with many people Arthur Wellesley disliked."

As one measures a modern Hamlet not by the play but by the performance of the actor, so one assesses such a biography by the performance of the writer. Just another biography of the Duke would scarcely be worth a passing glance. This one bears the stamp of greatness. By wartime standards the book is beautifully produced, with many well-chosen illustrations.

The art of Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans comes to its fine and curious flower again in THE BLUE DANUBE (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.). This is the story of the struggle of four Bavarian peasants—an old man, his two old sisters, and their beautiful niece—to maintain their honest, simple way of life against the hostile activity of the local Nazi officials. Anton, his sisters and his young niece Leni live on a little island in the South German Danube, opposite the town of Regensburg. The island appears in no plans, nor on any taxation documents, so the little family is able to live peaceably and poorly, raising their famous white radishes and worshipping God in their own way.

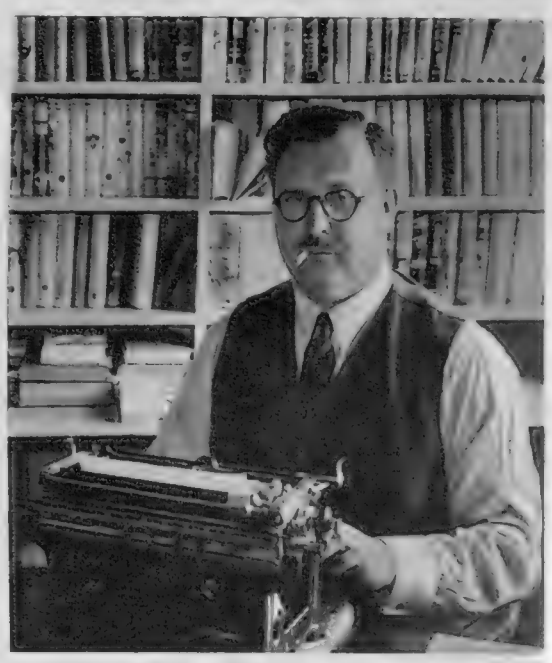
But it is wartime, and the local Nazi party is hard at work keeping up its quota of arrests for Dachau. The townspeople as a whole are peaceable, but it is still possible by various foul means to keep up the muster, and sooner or later it is inevitable that Anton and his family should be drawn into the net.

One day the good Bishop of Regensburg brings a French prisoner, Paul, to help with the work on the island while Anton is away, hiding from the Nazis. Paul and Leni fall in love, and when the local Gauleiter discovers this he decides to act, for he is a repulsive—and, indeed, a repulsed—suitor of Leni's. To say that the story takes a tragic turn from that moment is to give an incomplete idea of it, and of its humour and fantasy that Mr. Bemelmans' own coloured drawings illustrate so exactly.

It is difficult to form an opinion of a book like Miss Peggy Whitehouse's reconstruction of the character of Mary Magdalene, which is perhaps best described as a flight of fancy. MARY BY THE LAKE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is a sketch of this character's life, evidently based on the New Testament stories, but developed more or less poetically on the author's own plan. I think perhaps my chief reaction was one of embarrassment, although there is no doubt that the little author has treated her subject with reverence.

Miss Ursula Bloom has chosen a gloomy enough theme for her new novel, THREE SONS (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), which is the story of a married woman who has a tubercular lover and passes on to their child the illness which she has always dreaded. That, of course, is an over-brief summary of the novel, but it contains the inescapable fact that the book has an unhappy ending and a melancholy motif running through it.

On the credit side—and this is a very substantial item—is the equally inescapable fact that Miss Bloom is a story-teller and that, style and content apart, she has an ability to pursue a reasonable story-line that more distinguished writers might envy.

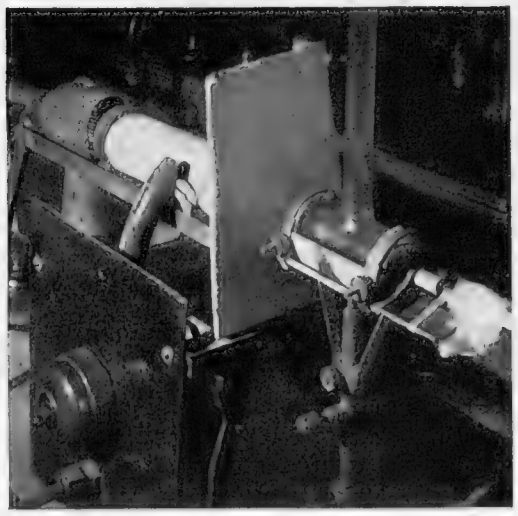


HE MAKES CRIME PAY: This is John Creasey, author of 100 thrillers with a combined sale of more than 4,000,000 copies. He sometimes writes 10,000 words between an early breakfast and a late lunch, doing all his work on the typewriter. Mr. Creasey's favourite character in crime fiction is "The Toff," and a play based on his activities was recently presented at the Granville Theatre, Walham Green

SHORTER REVIEWS

Of Some of the Latest Books

ENGLISH PRINTED BOOKS, by Francis Meynell (Collins. 4s. 6d.), is a charming addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series. The main theme of the book is the development of the printing tradition with reference to outstanding figures and historic editions. SAINTS, DEVILS AND ORDINARY SEAMEN (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is an account of life on the Royal Canadian Navy's Lower Deck. The author is Lieut. William H. Pugsley, who has something of the Conrad touch. Among the new fiction are MADAME BENOÎT'S SECRET, by Charles Lascelles (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), the story of a French farm worker who becomes a famous dress-designer; THE HOODOO SHIP (Hollis and Carter. 6s.), a thrilling tale of the Merchant Service by Norman Lee; OF OUR TIME, by James Gordon (Dennis Dobson. 7s. 6d.), a novel with post-war social problems providing the theme; and SPORTING DETECTIVE STORIES (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.), a collection edited by Ellery Queen and probably the only anthology of its kind ever published. FIRST HOUSE (Dennis Dobson. 5s.) is the first collection of Ida Procter's delicately conceived short stories. It is a neatly produced little volume with some admirable decorative woodcuts. STUMBLING BLOCKS (Skeffington. 6s.) is a frank account of current conditions in the Church by the Rev. Stephen Pritt. ROUND TRIP (Dennis Dobson. 7s. 6d.) is an account of life in Britain by Alfred Perles, a Czech with a fervent admiration for this country. MY DEAR BUNNY, by G. W. Stonier (Home and Van Thal. 3s. 6d.), is an unpretentious but charmingly written tale of the countryside. Thirty-two pages of large type are all that the reader gets for his 3s. 6d.



Trial by Fire

Give him a bag of coke, a bucket of water, and the necessary apparatus, and the chemist can build up thousands of different substances — from alcohol and 'meta fuel' to aspirin, motor spirit and food fats. Add a bottle of ammonia and he can turn out thousands more. To perform this modern magic he needs to know not merely what elements make up the substance he wants to prepare, but how much of each it contains. The majority of known chemicals contain carbon and hydrogen, usually oxygen, and frequently nitrogen. The chemist uses the combustion tube, illustrated above, to find out the proportions of these. A few milligrams of the substance are enough (and there are over twenty-eight thousand milligrams in a single ounce). These are strongly heated in a current of air or oxygen. As the substance burns, the carbon in it is converted into carbon dioxide gas, and the hydrogen into steam. These products are collected in weighed parts of the apparatus, and from the amounts formed the chemist can calculate the composition of the original substance. A simple experiment—yet it demands refined, reliable apparatus. Data provided by it lie at the root of modern progress in biochemistry, chemotherapy, dyeing, waterproofing, nutritional and agricultural chemistry, photography, and many other aspects of civilised life. Every working day throughout the year hundreds of combustion tubes are giving the result of this trial by fire which enables the British chemical industry to serve the nation.

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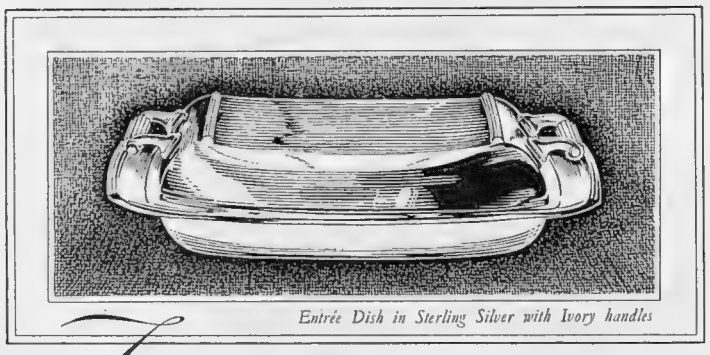

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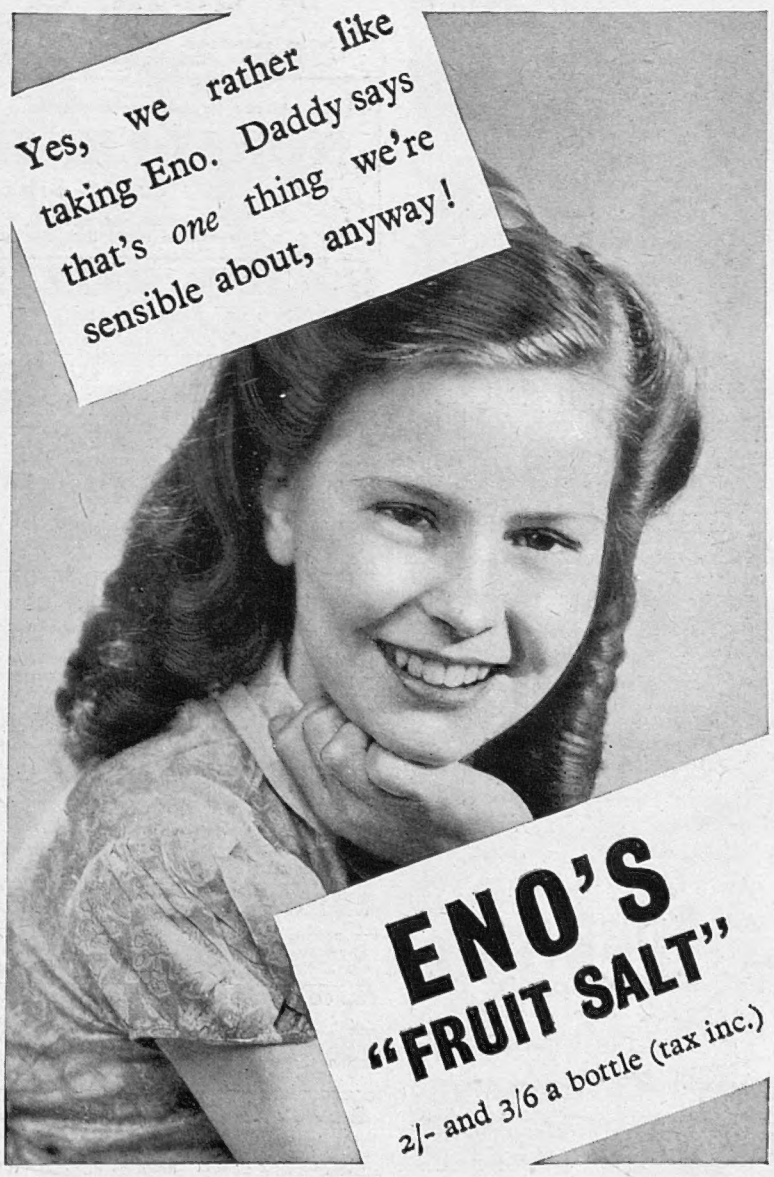

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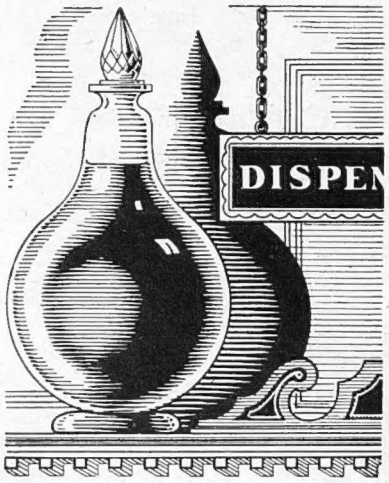

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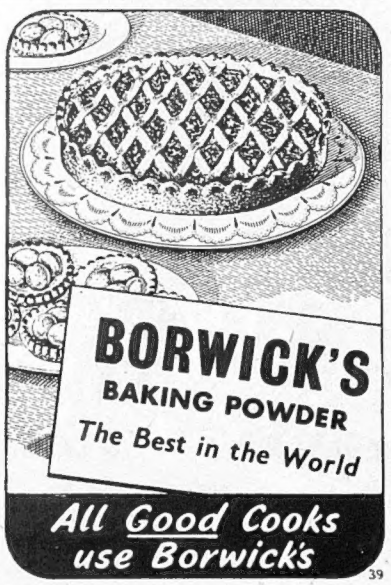

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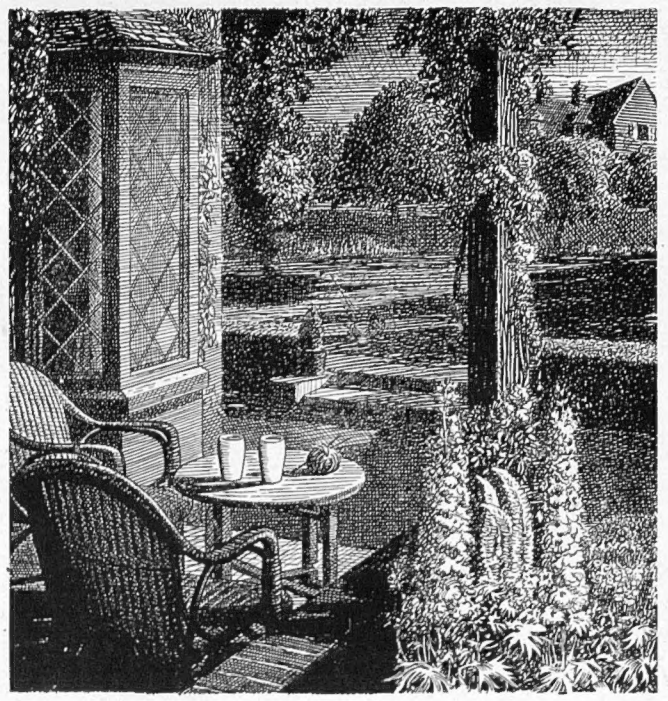

GOLDEN MOMENTS

All day long you have been busy. But now it is evening. Now you can breathe the friendly air of your own garden, and relax. The sun is going down. The shadows are lengthening on the lawn. The lupins, catching the light, are tipped with gold. How precious such moments are! If only time would stand still . . . But alas! tomorrow will come and you must gather to yourself new strength to meet it. Many of us, at such times, like to nourish and soothe the tired system with a friendly glass of Horlicks. How comforting it is! How it wraps you round with contentment! And so to bed, to sleep the unbroken sleep that does you so much good.

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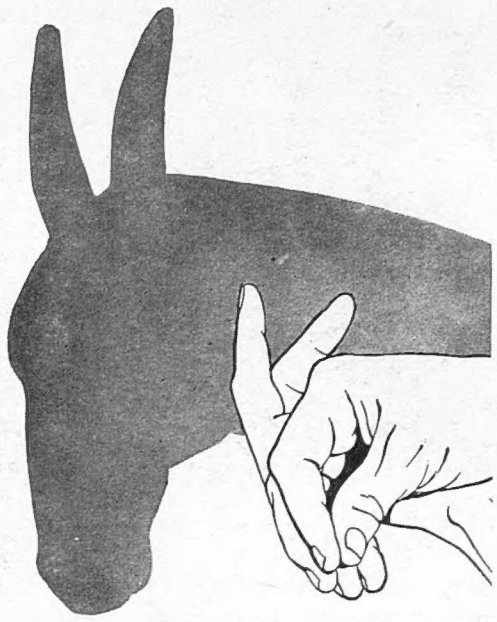

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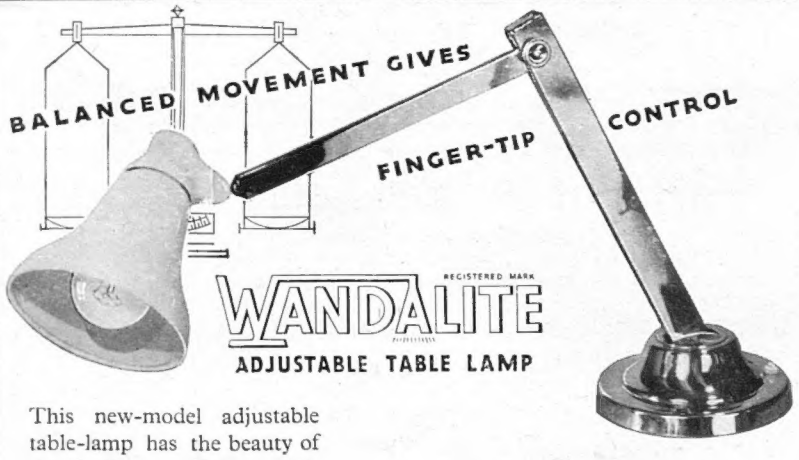

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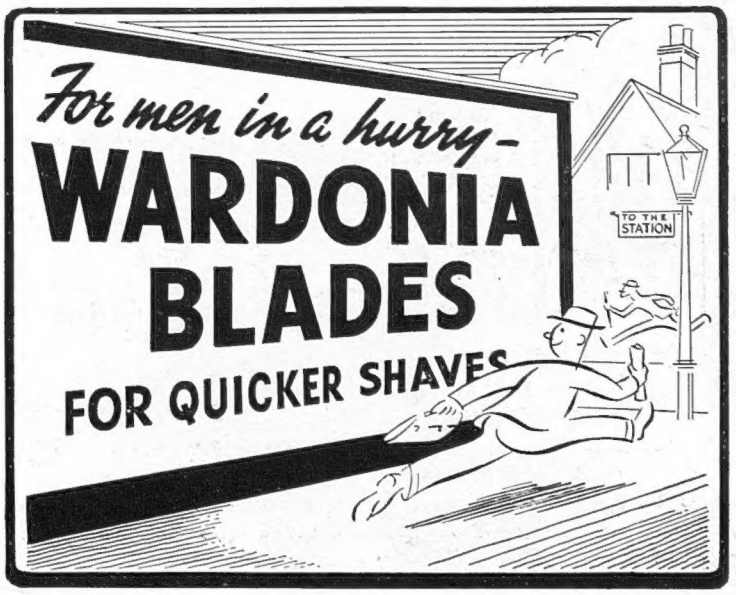

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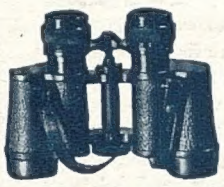

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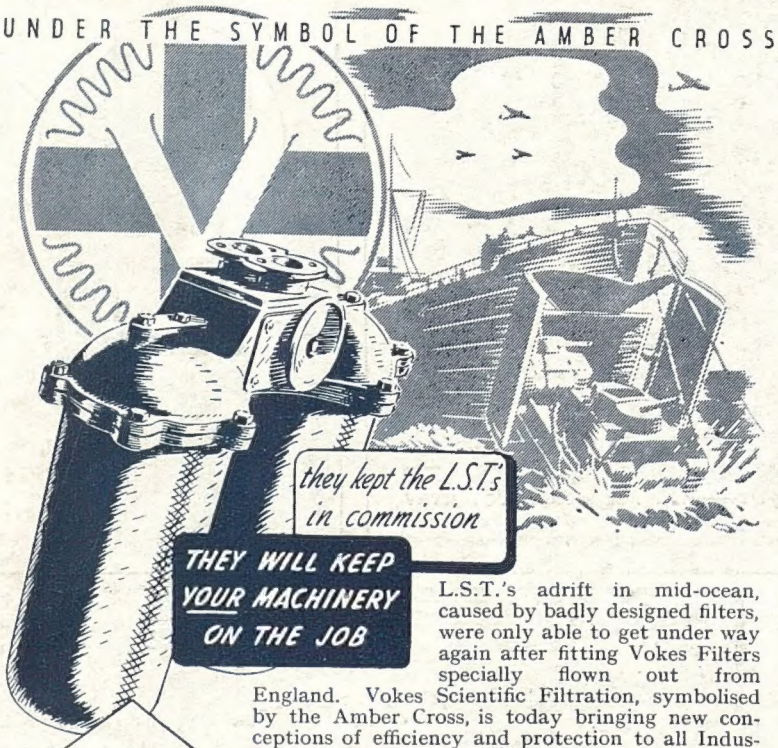

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